LOOK OUT FOR A STORY BY ALVAH MILTON KERR IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER

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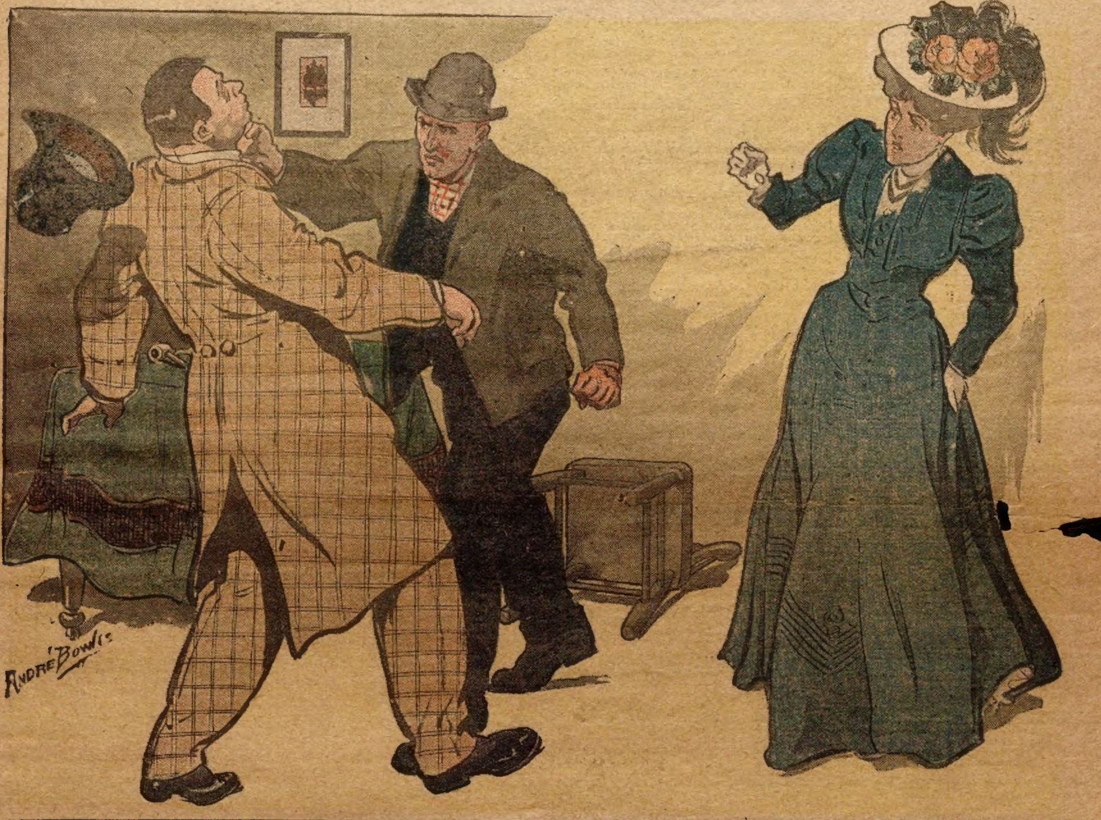

THE CLUE OF THE GREEN AMAZON.

By WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

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CHAPTER I.

PELHAM'S LIGHTNING CHANGE.

Having dismissed his spies, a certain jauntily dressed young man proceeded to remove his swell business suit, which he tossed into a trunk.

From another trunk he extracted a grimy set of workingmen's habiliments—from shoes, to cap and blouse.

Putting them on one by one, he changed his appearance completely, tousled his hair, smeared his hands and face, removed ring, watch and silk kerchief. In one pocket he stowed a cheap dollar watch; in others, pipe tobacco, barlow knife; and other kindred accessories of a laborer's make-up.

Then he surveyed himself carefully in a mirror and grinned at his disreputable image.

"Come!" said he to the aforesaid image. "You'll do."

He consulted his cheap watch. Finding it unreliable, he went to the costly gold one discarded with the other adornments of a gentleman. Then he frowned in some impatience.

"Nearly four, and the Slasher is not here yet. Five minutes more will I wait. Then, in case he still keeps himself in the 'whereaway,' I will sure take care of the swag myself."

He lighted the grimy pipe, did not like the taste of it, replaced it with a real perfecto from a box in the dresser, and lay down on a bed-lounge to exhaust the brief period of waiting he had allowed himself.

Lying there, he blew the smoke of his cigar lazily upward, watching the thin blue rings grow thinner, and merge into invisibility. Half-turned to the wall he lay, not noticing the door opposite noiselessly open. Nor did he hear a crouching form glide stealthily through the half-open portal, softly reclose the door, and slip behind the very dresser at which this strange disrobing and make-up had just taken place.

Surely the hinges of that door must have been oiled, and the feet of the intruder shod with silence. Was it the afore mentioned "Slasher," whoever he might be?

The pseudo-workingman roused himself from his semi-slumbrous state. He looked at the time. Five minutes, six minutes. Then he sat up.

"Did I leave that door on the jar?" he asked himself.

He went to close it, when it was suddenly pushed open again from without. In walked a muscular, heavy-browed, flashily garbed man, who glanced about warily before he spoke.

"Alone, Pelly?"

"Sure. What's kept you?"

Dodrill, known as the Slasher, an ex-pugilist, and at present anything that he could with safety see money in, grumbled half to himself.

"I thought you were never coming, Dod."

"Well, ain't I here? Sure you're alone?"

"Now I am. But we must hurry. After five, some of the gang may drop in at any time. Tonight is their club night."

"Blast the blokes and their club!" The Slasher looked disgusted as he locked the door and sat down.

"Let us go to work, and divy up and stow away."

"Somehow I don't feel safe. However, get busy."

Pelly, otherwise, when in gentleman's rig, called "Westside" or Paul Pelham, of the Niagara apartment house, relighted his cigar.

"What you want to bother with these buzzers and swipe-lifters for, Pelly? I've said before that you have the makings of an all-round, first-class professional, yourself. Yet here you waste whole evenings, nights, for all I know—with a raft of lushers——"

"I make money by 'em, see?"

The shadow behind the dressing case began to eye the locked door uneasily, but the Slasher's next remark drew his sudden attention.

"No, I don't see. A wise guy you are!" disgustedly. "Look at our hauls. Twenty thousand when we cracked the Fourth National—half of it mine."

"And you blew it in within three months. That is not my way. It is too risky; these big hauls and a bigger blow-out."

"Sure then of spending it, Pelly. A hell of a time while it lasts, eh?"

"Too risky, I tell you. I take my pleasure on the quiet. Part of what I bags I salt away for hard times."

"Ah, you'd better, if you depend on 'leathers' and the like. Those old coin collections wasn't bad, for the reward was big. But that haul of diamonds takes the cake." The Slasher laughed gleefully. "Don't that beat a year of what your East Side does with all their buzzing, swiping, and sneaking? Rather!"

The shadow fairly held his breath, that his ears might better hear.

"Good haul, Doddy. And the only real

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big one I ever aided in, as you say. Perhaps we will get to be pards, yet. But let us get to work. Too much guff, too much time lost."

More from natural precaution than fear the two glanced around the large room to make sure they were alone.

The shadow behind the tall dresser made himself as small as possible.

"We will see how these stones pan out," added Pelly, unlocking a large iron-bound chest. "If I get my share safe home, perhaps you and I may make another tenstrike together, yet."

Inside of this chest was a smaller steel safe-deposit box, which the Slasher unlocked with a key of his own, extracting therefrom a chamois-skin bag, partially filled with something that rattled as it was moved.

It did not clink like metal, but rattled, with the rattling of precious stones.

"Here we are at last!" said the Slasher. "Ain't they beauts?"

Both glanced hurriedly about the room, as Pelham poured out on a table what appeared in the gas-light, to be a flashing streamlet of blue and white fire. The stream fell apart into tiny coals, each with its own reflected blaze and shimmer.

"By the Lord!" exclaimed Dodrill, greedily. "This beats the best ring-side purse I ever saw hung up, even for the top-notchers."

Pelham did not say so, but he wished he had his share safe out of this tenement rookery and in his semi-fashionable flat. Here, among his crooked friends, he was merely Pelly, the kid booster and fence. In the Niagara he was Paul Pelham, affluent man about town, to whom diamonds and other good things came naturally, as if he had purchased them at Tiffany's, instead of helping to steal them elsewhere.

The unseen shadow, peering more eagerly yet not less cautiously, saw a sight so overpowering that he, for the instant forgot his caution. He rose higher, bending further forward, while the other two leaned lower and lower over their spoils.

"Shall we divy?" began Pelly. "Time's short."

"Right. Make two piles—draw lots——"

"Rap, rap, rap!" A thundering knocking sounded on the locked door.

CHAPTER II.

ENTER LADY PHIL.

Down sank the shadow out of sight, noiselessly and still unseen.

Pelham and the Slasher sprang to their feet. The first, hustling the stones into their bag by the handful, as he could grip them up.

All sizes there were, from that of a pin head to a wren's egg. The entire collection was a flashing dream of brilliant color.

"There's a cool sixty thousand worth here," whispered Dod, husky with covetous alarm. "In with 'em, Pelly! In with 'em—quick!"

The jewels were hastily cast into the large iron-bound chest. Before either could turn the key, the oiled door lock clicked, the door opened, and a fine looking young woman entered, dr[illegible]ed in the style of a Sixth [illegible] or St[illegible] street department store [illegible] Both men scowled.

"Oh, Pelly!" exclaimed she, "I was so afraid you wouldn't be here."

Recognizing the Slasher, she added less amiably: "Is that you Dod?"

"Did you think I was me double? What you mean breaking into gent's rooms in this way without invitation?"

"I wanted to see Pelly. If you don't like that, suppose you take a stroll yourself. No friend am I of yours, Doddy dear, and much good may the news do you."

Her sarcasm made the silent shadow smile, while the Slasher looked virtuously indignant as he fumed over again:

"I say to you ma'am, I'm on, I am." Turning to Pelly, he added: "See what the lady wants, Pel, then fire her out."

"Fire me out!" sneered the girl, drawing Pelly into a corner near the dresser. "Look here Pelly," she whispered, not so low but that the shadow could detect the sense of her news.

"The trick is not turned right, yet. Hilton, the Pinkerton man, is on our trail."

"How?" Westside Pelham looked incredulous. "Impossible. No one knows as yet, but you and the Slasher, here."

"And you are to paralyze me with one of the biggest stones in the bunch, not to snitch, split, squeal—do nothing in fact, but keep mum."

The girl laughed merrily, then grew anxious again. Pelly was thinking—of what? Not of the shadow behind the dresser?

"You know you are safe with me but, I tell you the job is known; your dope was no good—see?"

Pelham, in his laborer's garb was staring at the girl, and through the artificial grime a pallor was spreading over his face.

"I say," continued the girl. "The old man is on. He sent for Bob at once. He swore he would have back the swag complete, or he will railroad you both up the river. Ten year stretches, he says, or I'll have back my beauts, my babies, my bairns! And that is about the way he goes on. Dangerous? Well, his temper's not shaky if his nerves are."

"Hang the old fool! I will be obliged to do him up yet. May I call in Dod—let him know the latest lay?"

"Afer I am gone. I don't like the Slasher myself. He will do you a bad turn yet, Pelly."

"If he catches me snoozing, dear, I give him leave—see? Better skip Philly, while times are good. Doddy has a temper. I will slip around tomorrow with one of the best in the bunch."

"Will you, really? No hot air in this, Pelly?"

"No, no. It will fairly fill that little mouth, weight down that pink-tipped tongue. A scorcher it will be—and here's to seal the bargain." He tried to snatch a kiss, but failed.

A large, hairy hand on the young woman's shoulder was probably her reason for declining the caress. Then the Slasher's scowling visage came between. She released herself and faced the ex-pugilist, her pretty, knowing features set in a look of disgust.

"I have a blackbird to pick with you, me Lady Phil. Nice way you have of expressing your sentiments about me to me friend and pard."

The Slasher once more put out a large hairy hand.

"Leave me alone, will you!" adjured she, struggling this time less effectively to release herself.

"Look here, Dod," interposed Pelham. "Better quit while times are easy. This lady belongs to me. Me! Savey?"

Westside Pelham's emphasis and meaning were unmistakable, especially to the invisible watcher behind the dresser.

But the Slasher, being a fighter from way back, was not dismayed.

"I don't care a damn who she belongs to, Pel. She must talk civilly about me, especially to you, see?"

"I suggested that you leave her alone. I mean what I say."

Westside Pelham began to look positively dangerous. But the Slasher slashed clumsily ahead, as became his nickname.

"Phil must learn to chin politely about gents as would not wipe their feet on the likes of such chippies as walks in her shoes—see?"

Biff, biff! A quick scuffle, a parry, then a swift under jolt aslant the Slasher's massive jaw, and that burly welterweight nearly keeled over. He recovered, rushed his younger opponent with doubtful result though unmitigated ire, when the woman ran between and a sort of three-cornered struggle ensued for a moment that fully absorbed the energies of all three.

While this was going on a dark, silent, crouching something stole along the wall to the chest, felt inside the lid and disappeared somehow, near the door, without being perceived. The room, except for a single dim burner, was in semi-darkness.

More than once was the girl thrust aside. Neither of the men wished to harm her, but at the instant, would have knifed each other, such was their momentary reasonless fury. Pelly, being the weaker, had tired. What would have resulted had the row continued, is not known. For the woman suddenly ran to the door screaming and pointing.

"Look, men! I did not leave the door like this!"

The door, half-open before, was wide-open now. This stopped the fight as effectually as a thunderbolt well aimed and true.

"Quit Pelly," said the Slasher. "I can do you with one hand, give me time. Other things to see to now, old man."

"Did you see any one Lady Phil?" asked Pelly, suddenly tamed in real earnest, "or hear anything?"

"No. Too much racket, we were making, I suppose. But this door was almost closed after I came in."

Possibly it might have swung further open," suggested Pelly.

But the Slasher's wrath merely took a new direction after this disclosure. He took her, not ungently though firmly, by the arm. Even Pelly hardly noticed this now, as Doddrill led her to the door.

"You fade, me lady. See the trouble you've made! Skip, trot, vamoose promiscuously!"

And she actually did without another word. The Slasher carefully locked the door. Even Westside Pelham was mute at this stage.

He too, was realizing how foolish was their previous contention at such a time. Suzanna Clower's words concerning Brooklyn Bob Hilton, also added to his perturbation. The name of that well-known detective was always omnious in the ears of crime, no matter how dextrous, bold, elusive or sure of themselves, the perpetrators thereof.

"Remember tomorrow," a soft voice said through the keyhole.

It was the girl, Lady Phil, as she was there known, reminding Pelly of his promise.

"Cheese it!" growled the Slasher. "Skip, I say, or I'll come instead of Pelly." He turned to the other impatiently.

"If you don't let the woman alone, Pel, you're a goner. I never amounted to shucks until I gave the fair sex the deadshake. And that's no dream." He grumbled further, inaudibly.

They heard the girl clatter petulantly down the stairs. Then Pelly, without reply raised the lid of the iron-bound chest. Dod saw him bend down, feel with one hand, look, feel, look—all with growing terror.

"What's th' matter wit' ye?" demanded the Slasher.

"Howly-gee-Moses!" And the nervy Westside sharper began to execute a sort of war dance of exasperation with himself.

"What in thunderation ails ye, anyhow?" reiterated the Slasher.

But the nervy Pelham only pointed at the chest and fairly stuttered in gasping impotence.

Seized with a vague alarm, the Slasher ran to the chest and looked for himself. He too, was seized with a strange frenzy of exasperation. But he suddenly paused, glared at Pelly, then clutched at the younger man's throat malevolently.

"Out with 'em!" hissed the Slasher. "Shake 'em out! Show up! Produce the goods, or I'll, I'll—no shenanigan!"

"You're doped!" shouted Pelly, struggling to free himself. "You're nutty! Turn me loose!"

"Where are they Westside? Want me to paralyze ye with me left?"

"Think I got 'em?" shrieked Pelly at last, tearing free and resuming his mad dance. "Don't be such a chump. Didn't you see me throw 'em in there when Lady Phil knocked? And now, by God, they're gone!"

Once more they ransacked the chest. The Slasher in his wrath kicked the smaller steel deposit-box across the room.

"Knowing you was coming," explained Pelly, when he could talk intelligently, "so I got on my working togs in case the gang came in, and besides that, I wanted to plant my share where Westside Pelham ain't known."

The Slasher grunted in a non-commital manner. He was suspicious of everything and everybody. "How about that gal?' he demanded.

"Lady Phil is all right. Think she'd lag from me?"

"P'raps not. But she might from me. No one's been here but her, I say."

"I tell you she's all right. I bank on Lady Phil. Didn't she fetch just now a warning that the old man was on? He's found out his loss, and is already after his 'darlings,' as he calls them."

"That for the old man, if we only had the stones back where they was fifteen minutes ago! Sure, the old Harry himself is at the bottom of this. By the great horned spoon—hey? What is it?"

In his tirade the Slasher was halted by the sudden change in Westside's manner. He was pointing at something behind the dresser, which from where Pelly stood was visible. The Slasher crossed over and also took a look. Both stared, while a sort of dismay crept into the wonder, at first so prominent in their evil faces.

The Slasher appeared to be especially confounded. "Was that there before?"

"No," said Pelly. "I am sure it was not."

"Great Caesar!" gasped Doddrill. "Beats my little game!"

CHAPTER III.

THE SIGN OF THE DOUBLE "B."

What was Westside pointing at that had so suddenly stricken these experienced sharpers with consternation?

Merely a rough double "B" scratched evidently by a diamond point on the lower corner of the mirror, which was beveledged, and, being on pivot hinges, had been swung backward for the purpose, probably by the shadow when behind the dresser.

"Why that must be Brooklyn Bob, by all that's holy!" exclaimed the Slasher, after another long breath. "He must be equal to the devil himself. What does this mean?"

"Mean! It means there's where our stones went! Philly said the old man was on, didn't she? He sent for him, sure. But how or when did he get in here?"

"Better ask how he got out of here, now the stones are gone."

"Why, we had them in our hands not half an hour ago."

A feeling of fear came over these two, not unusual when forced to realize that this famous sleuth had unexpectedly struck a clear trail of crime, no matter by whom perpetrated, or how, or when.

"Well, we know he's been here, and having bagged the swag, is not here now. What is the odds how he got 'em being he's gone without our knowledge."

"If I had him here I'd choke him—blast his time!" said Dod.

The Slasher was very angry, more so than dismayed, after the first shock had passed. Had even this celebrated detective been there then it would have taken all his well-proved skill and bravery to have coped with these disappointed men.

"Look here, Pelly, your head-piece is better than mine. What are we to do? Sit down and nibble our finger nails?"

"Do! We will have those diamonds back, if we have to kill, dope, slug, or anything—that is safe. See?"

"Put on your thinker, Pel. That's why I want you for a pard, all the time. You for the planning, me for the doing. I'm there last with both feet."

"First thing, Dod, we must not fall out. Next, did you hear or see any one besides Lady Phil?"

"No, d——n her eyes! More's the pity." When disturbed the Slasher was apt to deliver curses promiscuously, much as he breathed.

It cleared the air, restored his nerve and made him over again, so to speak. Westside Pelham therefore only smiled. The two crooks then laid their heads together, forgetting the club meeting and the kids. Recovering fifty thousand dollars worth of precious stones was more important just then to them than love or ladies, other appointments or even safety.

Still, amid their scheming a vague dread remained with both. The dread of the unknown, of the invisible eye and presence that must have been with them, when, for a few fatal minutes their attention was otherwise engaged. It was this sudden, overwhelming mystery, out of which like some awful handwriting of fate, they saw only two things. The disappearance of a fortune in jewels, and the significant monogram on the mirror. In spite of their resolves they were shaken by tremors they could not as yet understand.

During these happenings the young woman alluded to as Suzanna Clower, or Lady Phil, made her way down a series of dark corridors and stairways on her way to the street. This strange house appeared to be deserted, except for the occupants of the large room on the fifth story.

It stood at the head of "No Thoroughfare place," that opened on a larger street. Its gloomy halls and recesses were full of weird shadows and resonant with vague echoings.

At the last dark turn, before reaching the street, a hand was laid on her arm as she flitted by, still nervous from her stormy interview.

"Do not scream," whispered a voice. "It is only me."

But Lady Phil did scream, though very faintly, however.

"So soon!" she gasped. "He said you would be on the trail, but I did not think it would be so soon."

"You know me, then?"

"Are you not Brooklyn Bob——"

"S-s-sh! No names, so loud. Why are you afraid?"

The detective, for such was he, retained her gently yet firmly.

"I—I do not know. Perhaps I am afraid of you."

"Well then, mind what I say. You are not a half-bad sort of woman. I know you. But you keep worse than dubious company."

"What is that to you? I go with whom I please."

"Perhaps. But you must not give me away. I think that is what brought you here—that and to see Westside Pelham. Am I right?"

"I am not saying no," defiantly. "What if I did?"

"This much. The old man will turn you adrift. You shall live at his house and expense no longer, unless you reform some of your ways."

"What business is it of yours?"

"Much, as you will find. He took you from the gutter, almost. He gave you a home when you were a starving, helpless waif, a castaway. Now, in his distress, you turn against your benefactor for the sake of a rogue—a worthless crook, whom I intend to send up for this very job—see?"

The woman shrank away, yet her fine eyes blazed in furtive and futile resentment. The sleuth relinquished his hold of her arm.

"Now, you can go," said he. "You are warned. Do as you please. Only for his sake, the old man's, and a wish to help you while it is yet time, do I tell you these things. But if you fail to square yourself, it will surely be the worse for Lady Phil—Savey?"

He gave her slight push and she ran into

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the dark street, then away as if in fear of immediate pursuit. Out in the avenue the light of a setting sun was hazily sifting down between many high sky-scrapers. Yet the air was less obscured despite the smoke and the mists of evening.

Hardly was she out of sight when there emerged from the silent and deserted house a trim, active, muscular form, almost boyish in its lithe celerity of movement, yet with the decision of a man.

The dark eyes, curly hair, and fresh complexion were singularly like Paul Pelham's, the West Side sharper, but a calm firmness of mien and a keen composure, not to be easily ruffled, evinced a strength of will and a sense of self-sufficiency hardly equalled by that noted gentleman crook.

He pressed his hand to his side as if to assure himself of something being properly in place.

"Well, after all," he thought, emerging into the larger street, "it probably was fortunate that this girl came and started such a row. Else I might have had more trouble in making mere suspicion a fact. Also, incidentally in getting away so nicely."

Presently he hailed a hansom, entered it and headed for Harlem.

"Strange," he ruminated, "that Mr. Verne has such a passion for those things. It grows with indulgence, I guess. I am inclined to think that this young woman will hardly get that stone Westside Pelly was to invest her with." He smiled rather grimly to himself.

In half an hour's drive the region of upper Harlem was reached, when the cab driver called for further directions.

"I will walk the rest of the way. Here is your fare, cully, and a quarter more because you don't overcharge. So long."

Then the young detective plunged into a gloomy maze of streets that became more openly disreputable as he neared the river. Rows of shabby houses, vacant lots, detached dwellings, and a rocky unevenness of ground characterized the neighborhood. An early twilight softened the semi-rural squalor of the scene, and lent a dim attractiveness to the rumble of the great city that rose fitfully on all sides.

Brooklyn Bob Hilton finally stopped at a gate and pulled a bell-knob protruding from the brick wall lining the street.

Out of the open space on the other side rose the outline of an ancient building, that stood isolated within these grounds.

A negro in brown livery opened the gate. He seemed surprised at sight of the young man, and showed it in his meaningless grin.

"Didn't look for me back so soon, did you, Zero?" said Bob, leading the way up a brick-paved walk to a side door in the house.

"Hardly, suh. Masser Verne he been kickin' up a powerful ruction all day. Seem like he'll hafter go to de 'sylum yit, 'bout sumpin' er nother. Reckon he'll be mighty glad to see you, suh."

"Think so? Worries considerable, does he?"

"Wust you ever see. Shall I tell him you're here?"

"N-no. I will announce myself. See that we are not disturbed."

They had entered the dark hall. But the detective seemed familiar with his surroundings.

Without waiting for Zero, he darted up a flight of stairs that led to the main wing of the old mansion. Traversing a broad second-story corridor, he turned into a narrower one. A gleam of light under a closed door denoted human occupancy. Knocking once, he waited.

A scurrying sound from the inside was audible. He knocked again.

"That you Zero?" quavered a voice, at once, shrill yet feeble.

"It is Hilton—Brooklyn Bob. Let me in please; I have news."

CHAPTER IV.

"WHERE IS MY DARLING AMAZON?"

"You are back too soon," grumbled the voice, as the door opened. "Evidently you have nothing to report. I should have employed a Central Office man at first. And here I am without my diamonds and a round bill to pay, I suppose."

"I hardly know about the bill," said the other.

The young man was being keenly scrutinized by a lean, bent, wizened-featured old man, as he was grudgingly admitted.

"At least, I have not presented any, yet, have I?"

"But you will. Everybody does."

The occupant was refastening the door with an old-fashioned bar and chain, puckering lips and eye-brows the while. Motioning Brooklyn Bob to a seat, he watched the detective uneasily through a set of steel-bowed spectacles. And yet expectancy was in his covetous look, too.

The furnishings of the room were meagre and old. In one corner stood an ancient safe, such as an up-to-date cracksman would laugh at.

A century-old clock ticked mournfully, and the two windows were closed by heavy, strong shutters. The term "miser" was written not less strongly on the person of the old man than in his surroundings.

His nose and chin nearly met over a mouth that was little else than a bunch of avaricious puckers. His dressing-gown was threadbare and patched. Loose carpet slippers were on his feet.

Brooklyn Bob surveyed the man with scarcely concealed disdain. If love of money could make a man like this, surely there were better ambitions open to all men who would see and understand.

"Well," at last said Verne, "what is it? Have you heard anything? Are the scoundrels spotted?"

By way of reply the detective asked another question.

"Have I ever failed you in any important case, yet?"

"How should I know? Have you heard of my diamonds, my beauties, my darlings? But of course not. You have not had time."

The young man's lip curled. These vivid expressions of endearment as applied to inanimate things rather disgusted him. He drew the bag of precious gems from his pocket and cast it on a table.

"There are your diamonds. Pay me fifty dollars and I will call our accounts square, and—go."

The old man literally flung himself on the bag and hugged it to his bosom. He laughed in a mirthless, covetous way, his small eyes dancing behind his glasses. Suddenly he concentrated his gaze on the detective.

"Are you sure they are all here?"

"I think they are. I had to seize them quickly. One or two may have fallen out. Besides others had already handled them before I was able to secure them. However, I think they are all there."

"I dare say some have been kept back——"

"Not by me!" The Pinkerton man's eyes flashed angrily.

"Of course not—stay! Let me count and see."

Miser Verne, consulting a memorandum, then counted the stones over twice. Suddenly he sprang at the detective and shook him in a fierce, feeble way.

"You wretch!" he spluttered. "One large one, the Green Amazon, is gone! Fork it over or I will send Zero for an officer."

The young man's disgust was by this time at a seething stage. He repossessed himself of the bag of gems by a sudden, dextrous movement, their owner having put them down.

"Fifty dollars Mr. Verne. Fifty! Or I will take them to Mulberry street——"

The old man interrupted with a howl that broke into a mingling succession of pleadings, threats and denunciations. A quick revulsion of sentiment strengthened the detective's disgust. He flung the sack on the floor. He was yet young in his profession, as also in years.

"Take them, you cur!" he cried. "I did not think there was so mean a rich man in all Gotham."

Turning to go, his foot caught up a heavy rug disclosing a displaced piece of flooring some five or six inches square. In the cavity below shone a yellow gleam of gold. Evidently the old man, not trusting the too prominent safe, had other hiding places for the money he worshipped.

When Hilton knocked, the miser in his haste had either forgotten to replace the missing cover, or had no time but to pull over the concealing rug. The detective smiled bitterly.

"Nice haul those blokes may have should they pay another visit here," he said to himself, continuing on to the door.

"Look here!" Verne was all anxiety now, of a new kind. "Don't tell any one of this. For God's sake don't tell! It is only a few hard-earned dollars, only a few! They are waiting to go to the bank, for hard-times, see?"

"I don't care what it is or what it is for. I wish to get out of here. I am sorry I ever took up a case for such a fellow as you seem to be. Let me out, old man."

The detective was fumbling at the bar and chain, when Verne finally opened the door. He laid a wrinkled hand on the other's arm.

"Bring me back that missing stone, my darling Amazon, and I—I will pay you that fifty dollars. Is not that fair?"

"My dear sir, you give me a pain. I have restored you fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and you are kicking about paying what you agreed to pay in case the job was quickly done, and without extra expense on my part. If you were a young man I would smash your face."

"But—you will not tell, will you?"

"Tell what? How miserably mean you are?"

"You will not say anything about—about what you have seen here, or—the return of the diamonds. That hole in the floor, truly it holds very, very little."

"What do you take me for? I am not in the habit of saying things."

"No, no, you are all right. Only—my dear little precious Amazon! What can have become of it?"

"Mr. Verne, you hardly deserve good advice, but I will waste just one word on you. Take your stones and gold to the bank. Lose no time. Take them to a bank, safe-deposit—anywhere, rather than keep them here. Do you fully understand?"

"Ye—yes, yes. But why, my dear sir? Why?"

"You and your place are spotted. Spotted! It is dangerous to keep them by you. Dangerous to you, to your property—see?"

The old miser's face took on a suspicious expression.

"Spotted! Bah! If such is the case it will be by you. I know a thing or two. You know too much, you have seen too much."

For an instant the young detective felt like striking the other down.

This irresponsible, childish old miser, whose very religion was shown in the glittering stones and yellow metal he worshipped. But he choked down his wrath, turned without replying, and hurried off, lest his indignation should vent itself on helpless age in violence.

At the head of the stairs a girl in a tea-gown came out. She held a lamp that revealed a face of singular beauty. Laying one hand on the young man's arm, he stopped as suddenly as if the grasp of a Hercules had halted him in his tracks.

This dramatic and mysterious story will be continued in next week's Ledger disclosing a most extraordinary situation. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly advised to send in the price of subscription at once. If you do so, we will be glad to send you free one of our King Cameras or any six patterns you may select from our pattern page. Look at our advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

OLD SOAKERS

Get Saturated With Caffeine.

When a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not that has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years has had severe stomach trouble. "I have been treated by many physicians, but all in vain. Everything failed to give relief. Was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again and it soured on my stomach.

"I finally concluded that coffee was the cause of my troubles and stopped using it. I tried tea in its place and then milk, but neither agreed with me; then I commenced using Postum, had it properly made and it was very pleasing to the taste.

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want, and can sleep well, whereas, before, I suffered for years with insomnia.

"I have found the cause of my troubles and a way to get rid of them. You can depend upon it I appreciate Postum." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Wise Bride.

It was Her Birthday, and the Bridegroom had planned to give the Bride Something Nice. When he came home from business he brought her a $25 hat. It was of a Bilious Copper Brown color, with a large dead Fowl wreathed around the crown. The hat had been deported from Paris.

The Bride put it on; she looked as bilious as the Hat and about Fifty Years Old. Most brides would have Exclaimed in Horror at their Appearance, but this Bride lived up to her College Diploma. She fully understood that a Masculine Male Man doesn't know a thing about women's clothes; only man-milliners do. Besides, her Mother had always finessed with her father. So she exclaimed in a delighted manner, "It's perfectly Stunning!" (It really was.)

"But, darling, you have been Too Generous! And you know you are trying to teach me Economy! I would feel so Much Better if you would select a Cheaper Hat!"

The next day they went to the Parisian Parlor which had worked off the Bilious Bird Hat on the Bridegroom. The Bride selected a Model Toque in which she looked about Sixteen and as Sweet as a Peach.

"This is your Choice, isn't it Dear?" she asked the Bridegroom. He said that it was.

The Toque cost Twenty-three Dollars; the other Two the Bride spent on a Stylish Veil to complete the Hat!

An Arkansas Bath.

Henry James, the novelist, arrived at 10 o'clock one night at a Florida hotel and could get nothing to eat. The hotel was magnificent and expensive, but its rule was to serve no food after a certain hour, and in consequence Mr. James went hungry to bed.

Discussing the hardship afterward, he said:

"I felt, indeed, like the tend foot who visited an Arkansaw hotel back in

"It was a primitive hotel, and the gu on his arrival, said to the landlord tentatively:

"'Landlord, I'd like a bath.'

"'All right,' was the reply.

"And the landlord went out, returning in ten minutes with a tin can of soft soap, a towel, a pick and shovel.

"The Eastern guest took up the can of soft soap and the towel, but at the pick and shovel he looked askance.

"'What are these for?' he said.

"'Wall, stranger,' said the landlord, 'the water's low, an' ye'll hev to dam up the creek.'"

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The Lazy Man.

Mark Twain talked about laziness at a dinner.

"We are all lazy," he said, "but some of us fight it down. Some of us, again, don't.

"I knew a noncombatant of this class when I was a boy in Hannibal. His name was Jim Black, and one fine summer morning I found him lying under a tree beside the river, listening to the birds and watching the steamboats glide up and down the great stream.

"'Well, what are you here for?' I said.

"'I'm here,' said Jim, 'for to pile them bales onto the wharf.'

"'O,' said I. 'And now you are resting, are you?'

"'No,' said Jim; 'I ain't resting, because I ain't tired. I'm just waiting for the sun to sink down behind that there hill, so's I can knock off work.'"

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes prepaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE MURDER AT HILARY COURT.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER IV.

It was a little more than a week before Detective Long paid Sir Blair Hilary a visit.

The latter's worn, handsome face flushed slightly, as the detective was ushered into the cell, and, for a moment his eyes lingered questioningly upon Long's imperturbable countenance, then fell, as he said, quietly:

"Good-morning, Mr. Long."

Long seated himself upon the cot and looked at Sir Blair as he spoke.

"I suppose you thought I was rather long in paying you another visit, Sir Blair," he said. "But the fact is, I was having some investigations made in London and wanted to see what the result would be before seeing you again. I think that I am in a fair way, Sir Blair, to bring home to the guilty party the crime of which you are accused."

Sir Blair started.

"Whom do you suspect of having committed the murder?" he asked, quickly, and with some agitation.

"Reuben Giles."

"Reuben Giles!" exclaimed Sir Blair, and something very like an expression of relief passed quickly over his face. "What reason have you for suspecting Reuben Giles of the murder of Godfrey Hilary?" he asked.

"Reuben Giles has openly declared that he intended to kill the man who ruined his sister, and that man was Godfrey Hilary."

An odd look passed over Sir Blair's face.

"What reason have you for supposing that Godfrey Hilary was the man with whom Grace Giles went away?" he asked, quietly.

"As I remarked before, I have had some investigations made in London and I find that Grace Giles came there alone on the 15th day of last December and went direct to lodgings in St. John's Wood, which had [illegible]ged for her some days previous. [illegible] was joined two days later by a man answering in every way the description of Godfrey Hilary. They remained together for three days, during which time the girl seemed miserable and depressed, then the man left, and the day after the girl also left. I have ascertained that Godfrey Hilary went to London on the 17th day of last December and was absent three days."

"And is this all the proof you have that Godfrey Hilary was the man who betrayed Grace Giles?" asked Sir Blair.

"It seems to me very good proof," declared the detective, with a grim smile. "I am now trying to find the girl, but so far, I have been unable to find a trace of her after she left the lodgings in St. John's Wood. From the moment I learned the manner in which that girl left home and the avowed intention of her brother to kill the man who betrayed her, I have suspected Reuben Giles of having committed the murder."

"But that is simply a theory of yours, Mr. Long," said Sir Blair. "You have no proof that Reuben Giles killed Godfrey Hilary."

Long smiled.

"Oh, yes, I have," he said. "I have found the pistol with which the murder was committed and that pistol is the property of Reuben Giles."

Again Sir Blair started, looked agitated, and then meekly controlled himself.

"I found the pistol hidden in a bed of scarlet geranium beside the porch at the lodge," Long explained. "It's a 32-calibre pistol and one bullet was missing. I obtained from the coroner the bullet taken from the brain of Godfrey Hilary and it exactly fits the pistol. I found out from Miss Hepzibah Giles that Reuben kept a pistol in the drawer of an old desk in the living-room at the lodge. I took advantage of a favorable opportunity to examine this drawer and found that the pistol was missing."

Sir Blair started to his feet and walked once or twice up and down the narrow limits of the cell. He no longer tried to conceal the fact that he was very much disturbed.

At length he paused beside the detective.

"What do you intend to do?" he asked.

"I shall keep Reuben Giles under surveillance for a few days, and then if I have not succeeded in locating Grace Giles, I shall apply for a warrant for his arrest on suspicion of having murdered Godfrey Hilary."

"Then let me tell you that you will be making a great mistake," said Sir Blair. "Reuben Giles is not the murderer of Godfrey Hilary."

Long left the prison and started to drive back to Hilary Court. During the two miles' drive he sat thinking deeply, trying to arrive at some explanation of Sir Blair Hilary's entire attitude since his arrest for the murder of his cousin. The only conclusion at which he could arrive was that Sir Blair was trying to shield Reuben Giles, believing that the evidence against himself was not strong enough to convict him.

About half a mile from Hilary Court he met a horseman whom he recognized as Stephen Lawson. The latter glanced at the detective, nodded and rode by. It struck Long that he was looking paler and more haggard than when he had seen him a week previous. In fact, he had the appearance of a man whose days were numbered.

When Long reached the gates, Hepzibah Giles came out to open them. The detective noted at once that she was very pale and agitated.

He was driving himself, and, after he had passed through the gates, he stopped and waited for Hepzibah to come up to him.

"Where's Reuben, Miss Hepzibah?" he asked.

"He went away about ten minutes ago, Mr. Long," she replied. "I—I think he has gone to Warton."

"It's strange I didn't meet him. I have just come from Warton."

"He went across the fields. Oh, Mr. Long," beginning to wring her hands, "I—I am afraid he has gone to—to kill Sir Blair Hilary."

"What!" cried Long. "Gone to kill Sir Blair Hilary? What on earth do you mean, Miss Hepzibah?"

A little later Detective Long drove slowly up the avenue, musing over what he had just learned from Hepzibah Giles. It appeared that Stephen Lawson had come to the lodge and told Reuben that it was Sir Blair Hilary who had enticed Grace Giles from her home. Reuben had not told Hepzibah any of the particulars, only just what Stephen asserted. He had then gone into the livingroom to get his pistol, Hepzibah declared, and left the house.

"And I shall never forget the look on his face as long as I live," she said. "I know he will kill Sir Blair."

Long questioned her closely as to whether Reuben had not suspected any one before, and Hepzibah was most positive in her assertion that he had not.

Long felt somewhat perplexed and nonplussed as he left Hepzibah, after trying to reassure her by declaring that he did not believe that Reuben had taken his pistol, an assertion he could make with truth, the pistol being at that time in his possession. This failed of its purpose, however, for Hepzibah informed him that she had gone to look for the pistol after Reuben went away and it was not in the drawer.

"I must ascertain at once upon what grounds Stephen Lawson accuses Sir Blair Hilary," said Long to himself. "Could it have been Sir Blair after all? If he so closely resembled his cousin, the description I had of the man who followed Grace Giles to London would apply equally to him."

Upon reaching the Court, he questioned the butler and found that Sir Blair Hilary had gone from home on the 17th day of last December and had been absent three days.

"Yes, I remember Sir Blair's going away at that particular time very well, sir," the butler went on to say. "He went up to London to try and find out something about Grace Giles."

"And did he succeed?" queried Long, apparently intent upon his salad. He had taken the occasion to question the butler while at lunch.

"No, sir, he did not," the butler replied. "Mrs. George, the housekeeper, was down to the lodge to see Miss Hepzibah the next day after Sir Blair returned, and Miss Hepzibah told her that Sir Blair hadn't been able to trace Grace."

The detective had just finished his lunch and was lingering over Sir Blair's most excellent claret when he was informed that Reuben Giles was in the library and wished to see him. Long put the cigar he was about to light, in his pocket, and crossed the hall to the library.

Reuben, who was standing at one of the windows looking out into the grounds, turned and came forward. The detective noted in one swift glance that he was very pale, but quite calm and self-collected.

"Mr. Long," said Reuben, quietly, "I have come to deliver myself up for the murder of Godfrey Hilary. I killed him because he was the man who betrayed my sister."

"Godfrey Hilary?" repeated Long. "I thought you were going to say that you had killed Sir Blair Hilary."

Reuben started.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Miss Hepzibah, whom I found in a terrible condition of mind, told me that you had gone to Warton intending to kill Sir Blair Hilary whom you had learned, through Stephen Lawson, was the man who betrayed your sister."

Reuben muttered something under his breath about the long tongues of women in general and Hepzibah in particular, then he said aloud:

"Steve Lawson did come and tell me that Sir Blair was the man, but it was all a mistake. I went to Sir Blair and told him what Steve had said and then he explained to me that it was really Godfrey Hilary after all."

"That must have been a great relief to you," suggested the detective. "For you would naturally have felt pretty bad if you had killed the wrong man."

"Oh, yes, of course, I should," muttered Reuben. "But what's the use of talking about that? Godfrey Hilary was the man," his face darkening, "and he has paid the penalty of his villainy."

"How did you find out that he was the man?" asked Long.

A dogged expression settled over Reuben's face.

"Look here, Mr. Long, I don't intend to answer no more questions," he declared. "I've delivered myself up to you as the murderer of Godfrey Hilary and it's your business to take me into custody and give me over to the authorities."

"All right," acquiesced the detective, blandly. "I'll order the trap and drive you to Warton at once."

"They'll release Sir Blair at once, won't they?" asked Reuben, as the detective moved toward the bell.

"Well, no, there are certain formalities to be gone through with before Sir Blair is released," Long replied. "By the way, Reuben, can you produce the weapon with which you shot Godfrey Hilary?"

Reuben fidgeted and his face flushed.

"I told you that I wasn't going to answer no more questions," he said, with a touch of sullenness, and Long grimly smiled.

After he had delivered Reuben into the hands of the police inspector at Warton, Long drove rapidly to the home of Stephen Lawson.

"I came near making a mess of this affair," he said to himself, as he sprang from the trap in front of the old-fashioned, substantial-looking farmhouse, which was the property of Stephen Lawson. "But I fancy I've struck the right track at last."

He tied his horse to the post beside the gate and then walked slowly toward the house, glancing about him with some degree of interest.

"Stephen Lawson's pretty well-fixed, poor devil," he murmured. "It's a pity he let a woman make shipwreck of his life."

As he drew near the house, he caught a glimpse of Stephen's pallid face at one of the lower windows, and it was Stephen who met him as he passed up on the porch.

"I have come to have a little talk with you, Lawson," Long said, and Stephen turned in silence and led the way into the parlor on the right of the hall.

Long closed the door carefully and then going up to Stephen, said abruptly:

"Lawson, upon what grounds do you base your assertion that Sir Blair Hilary was the man who betrayed Grace Giles?"

Stephen dropped rather heavily into a chair before he made any reply.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair opposite. Then, as Long sat down, he asked, "Who told you I made such an assertion? Rube Giles?"

"No, Miss Hepzibah. I found her half frantic with fear. Rube had told her what you asserted about Sir Blair and then rushed off to Warton, with the intention, Miss Hepzibah declared, of killing Sir Blair Hilary."

An odd look flashed across Stephen's wan face, a look of exultant satisfaction.

"I was sure that Rube would do it as soon as he knew," he muttered, half to himself. Then, as his eyes met those of the detective, bent searchingly upon his face, he added, "You want to know how I found out that Sir Blair was the man who enticed Grace Giles away? Well, I'll tell you. The night of the murder I happened to be at the station when the 7:30 train arrived from London. Grace got off that train. She wore a thick veil over her face, but I knew her at once. She hurried away and I followed her. I followed her to Hilary Court. I thought she was going to the lodge at first, but she took a short cut across the park which brought her to the Court. Sir Blair Hilary was on the lawn near the dining-room windows, smoking a cigar. Grace went straight up to him and laid her hand on his arm. I stood behind a tree and watched them. The moon had risen and I could see quite plainly. Sir Blair Hilary gave a start when he seen Grace. Then I was sure that he was the man that ruined her."

"Has it never occurred to you that you may have been mistaken?" asked Long, quietly.

"What—what do you mean?" asked Stephen, his breath coming quickly.

"Why, I mean just this—that you did make a mistake," Long replied. "Godfrey Hilary was the man who betrayed Grace Giles."

Trembling and quivering, his pale, haggard face convulsed with some strong emotion, Stephen started to his feet and stood staring at the detective.

"Then—then——" he panted, and stopped.

"Yes, Lawson," said Long, quietly, "you killed the right man, after all."

Stephen suddenly reeled, a stream of blood burst from his lips, and Long caught him as he fell.

Lying upon his bed in a room above, white as though death had already claimed him, but with a strangely peaceful look upon his face, Stephen Lawson made his confession in the presence of Detective Long, Sir Blair Hilary and the police inspector from Warton.

He had killed Godfrey Hilary in mistake for Sir Blair. After witnessing the meeting between Sir Blair and Grace, he had started for the lodge, with the intention of telling Reuben what he had seen.

"I wanted Reuben to kill him," he declared, his eyes lighting with the passion of hatred and rage that had possessed him when he believed Sir Blair to be the man who had ruined the girl he loved. "But Reuben was not at the lodge. Then I made up my mind that I would kill Sir Blair myself. I knew where Reuben kept his pistol and I went and got it. I then went back to the Court across the park. I had reached the summer-house in the Palm Walk when I saw a man coming toward me that I took to be Sir Blair. I jumped quickly behind the tall palms, and, as he came a few steps nearer, I shot him. I saw him fall and then I went back to the lodge intending to return the pistol. I heard Miss Hepzibah and Reuben talking in the livingroom, so I hid the pistol in the geranium bed and went on home. When I learned that I had killed, as I supposed, the wrong man, I was well nigh crazy for a time. I would have gone and given myself up if Sir Blair had not been arrested for the crime. I thought that perhaps he'd be hung and I kept quiet. I hated him so that I wanted him to die on the scaffold. He deserved hanging, I thought, for the wrong he had done an innocent, trusting girl. Then my health began to give way and I got afraid that I wouldn't live to see Sir Blair punished. That's why I went to Reuben and told him about Sir Blair. I wanted Reuben to kill him."

When Stephen had finished, Sir Blair said:

"Grace Giles came to me that night, told

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me that Godfrey Hilary had betrayed her and asked me to prevent his marriage to Aileen Donnelly. Godfrey had induced Grace to go away with him by promising to marry her. He had first met her when she was attending school at Warton, and attracted by her beauty, determined to accomplish her ruin. He was very cautious, however, for he did not intend to get himself into any trouble. Grace was with him only those three days in London. She loved him, poor girl, but she fled from him and managed to support herself in different ways. She saw a notice of his engagement to Aileen Donnelly in a London paper and that drove her half-mad. 'I made up my mind that he should not marry Aileen Donnelly,' she said to me, and then she added, half to herself, 'I'll kill him before he shall marry another woman.' 'Your brother has sworn to kill the man who ruined you, Grace,' I said to her. 'No, I would not want Reuben to kill him,' she replied. 'I have brought suffering and shame enough upon him without that.'

"I told her that Godfrey was at Hilary Court and that I would send him to her, but that she had better go to the summer-house in the Palm Walk. I then went into the diningroom where Godfrey was still sitting, drinking wine, and told him that Grace Giles was waiting for him in the summer-house in the Palm Walk. He was completely taken aback at first, then he grew defiant and tried to brave it out. I despised him and I told him so. I tried to induce him to marry Grace and repair the wrong he had done her, but he laughed in my face. It was then I told him that he should never marry Aileen Donnelly. This infuriated him and he was in a very ugly mood when he left the house to go to Grace. I think it was the fear that he might do Grace an injury that caused me to follow him. Then when I heard the pistol shot and found him murdered, I thought that Grace had shot him."

"And you would not make any explanation that might have exonerated yourself for fear of incriminating the girl, Sir Blair?" said Long.

"I could hardly have acted otherwise," Sir Blair replied, simply.

"And Reuben Giles declared himself the murderer in order to exonerate you, and at the same time, shield his sister, Sir Blair?" suggested the detective.

"Yes. When he came to me and told me what Stephen asserted, there was nothing to do but tell him the truth. It never occurred to me, however, that he would pursue the course that he did."

—

The remarkable denouement to the Hilary murder case caused a sensation and added fresh laurels to the fame of Detective Long.

Stephen Lawson died a fews days after making his confession.

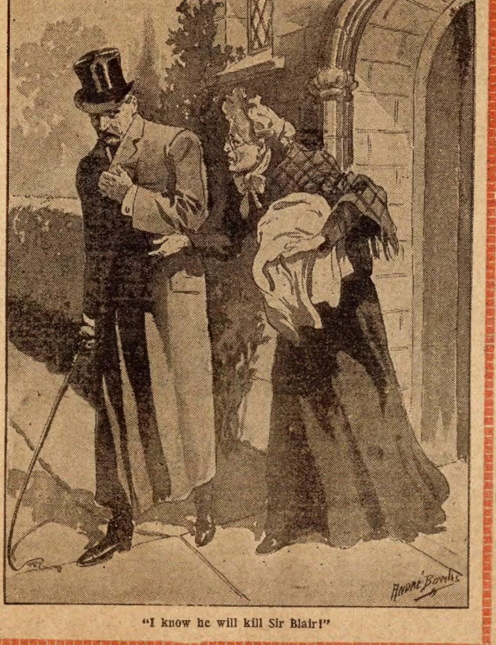
Grace Giles was found by her brother in a hospital in London, where she had been ill of brain fever. She had witnessed the shooting of Godfrey Hilary, as she stood in the summer-house, and had fled from Hilary Court believing that Reuben had killed her betrayer. Reuben bought a pretty cottage in a remote seaside town to which he took Grace when she was well enough to leave the hospital. Miss Hepzibah remained at the lodge.

On the day that he left Hilary Court with a check for $5,000 in his pocket, Detective Long went to Sir Blair and said:

"If I am not very much mistaken, Sir Blair, Miss Donnelly has been under the impression that you were the betrayer of Grace Giles."

"Why, what do you mean, Long?" Sir Blair exclaimed, his face flushing. "What object could Stephen Lawson have had in going to Miss Donnelly with that story?"

"It wasn't Steve Lawson, Sir Blair. Miss Donnelly believed that you betrayed Grace Giles sometime before Steve Lawson arrived at that conclusion. You noticed a change in Miss Donnelly a short time before her engagement to Godfrey Hilary, did you not?"



"I know he will kill Sir Blair!"

"Why, yes," Sir Blair began, and then he stopped and drew a deep breath. "The scoundrel!" he cried, his face darkening. "He caused Aileen Donnelly to believe that."

"I think that explains many things, Sir Blair," remarked Detective Long, with a smile.

Sir Blair stared at him for a moment, then his face lighted with undisguised happiness. He put out his hand and grasped that of the detective.

"I owe you a debt now that I can never repay, Long," he cried. "God bless you!"

Six months later Detective Long received an invitation to the wedding of Sir Blair Hilary and Aileen Donnelly.

The end.

A HEROINE AT LONG BRANCH.

BY MRS. KATE CHRYSTAL.

"She's glorious!" declared Aubrey Vanderlyn, who was much given to adjectives and enthusiasm, as eighteen is apt to be.

"Yes," languidly assented Harold Drury, "that point was decided long ago. There's not a woman at Long Branch to compare with Miss Trevallian—not one!"

"Physically," interpolated little Teddy Miller, who was the best waltzer at the Branch, and as light of head as he was of foot; "I agree with you there. But as for the finer qualities which should distinguish a woman—pshaw! Just look at the life she has led—one of court, adulation, flattery, homage from her cradle. With beauty, high lineage, and at her command an almost exhaustless fortune, it is likely she is dowered also with unselfishness, or entertains an ambition loftier than a mere social triumph? No, for sheer heartlessness, commend me to Miss Trevallian!"

And he replaced his cigar between his teeth, with an emphatic nod of his little cropped head.

The remainder of the group then gathered on the piazza glanced at each other with significant smiles. Teddy's hopeless adoration of the lady in question had for some time past been a public secret.

"Was she heartless to you, Teddy?" Drury asked, with an air of childlike innocence.

It was a cruel thing to say, but Drury was very human when an opportunity to raise a laugh at the expense of another presented itself. Miller was quite sore on the subject, so he answered sharply.

"Not more than she was to you at Vienna last winter, Drury!"

The joke was turned on Harold. He colored and laughed.

"Well hit, my boy!" good-naturedly, "but I do not make a tragedy of my ill luck. I know the simile of the moth and the candle is very hackneyed, but we must remember that Miss Trevallian is an exceedingly bright candle, and if we great clumsy moths can't keep our foolish wings out of the flame we deserve to have them scorched—that's all!"

"You're right," answered Vanderlyn, boyishly suggestive. "Candle? Phew! she's a whole electric light. Here she is!"

There was a stir and murmur on the piazza, and a stampede of the men for chairs and hassocks as Miss Trevallian swept down the hall and out into the August sunset.

Only one man separated himself from the others at sight of her, and walked rapidly away.

He was a tall, splendidly proportioned young fellow, clad in picturesque yachting-costume. He had a bold, high-held head, well set on broad shoulders, an alert, intelligent face, with clearly chiseled features, a long tawny mustache, and gray, fearless eyes. A young English baronet he, Sir Eric Glenallyn, "doing" America for the first time, and desperately in love with Edith Trevallian—that, too, after a mere fortnight's acquaintance.

He was very wealthy. The most calumnious could not have accused him of being a fortune-hunter. Just now he was more disturbed by Teddy Miller's disparaging remarks than he would have cared to show. His ideal woman was a wonderfully fair creature.

Teddy had voiced the suspicions which had arisen in him, though never—even to himself—had he clothed them in words.

Could one deferred to from infancy with almost slavish submission, reared in the hothouse of fashion, ruling all around her with the sway of a princess, retain a white and generous heart? And yet he loved her dearly—dearly!

From afar he watched her as—for the moment alone—she stood in the soft light of the dying day, abstractedly looking away to the westward.

Young Vanderlyn's enthusiasm had not been hyperbole. She was a little above the ordinary height of women, an erect, gracious, well-curved figure. A beautiful face, proud for all its youthfulness. A skin satin-smooth and colorless as a camelia-leaf. Blue, luminous, dark-fringed eyes. Sensitive lips, warmly bright, as oleander-blossoms. A crown of braided, blue-black hair.

She was dressed for dinner in trailing draperies of dusky lace, at her ears sparks of flame, on her hands gleaming jewels, at her low-cut corsage a great cluster of jacqueminots.

"Drury's advice is good," murmured Glenallyn. "Keep out of the flame—I'll do it."

And he immediately tested the strength of his resolution by walking straight up to Miss Trevallian and followed her like a very substantial shadow for the rest of the evening.

* * * * *

The next morning broke sunless and leaden-skied. Quite a heavy sea was rolling and few ventured down the beach. Among those who did, however, was Edith Trevallian.

She swam well, and enjoyed thoroughly her daily battle with old Neptune. Today she remained so long she began to feel fatigued. She was on the point of returning when over the boom of the waves and tumult of the bathers outrang a woman's shrill voice in frantic terror.

"My baby—oh, my baby!"

Edith was a good distance out, but the child had been swept farther before it was missed.

She caught a glimpse of a familiar pink-and-white bathing dress. It was a child of one of the servants at the hotel.

"A rope!" she shouted.

Quick as lightning one flew to her across the water.

In an instant pandemonium reigned—uproar, shrieks, confusion.

Few there could swim sufficiently well to venture out in such a strong sea, and by the time they had provided themselves with ropes and struck out Miss Trevallian was already near the child.

The feat would not have been so arduous had she not been very tired when the summons had come. Now every long, swift stroke was arduous labor.

"Who is she?" some one yelled.

"Miss Trevallian!" cried an answering voice in the crowd.

"She is all right!" proclaimed another. "She can swim like a fish."

A cheer went up from the rapidly increasing crowd on the beach as she grasped the child's dress.

It was saved! Those who had been coming to her aid turned back. The child was saved. They did not dream the brave rescuer could need their help.

She slipped the noose around the small body and tightened it. Then a dizzy faintness swept over her. The rope slipped from her hold. They began to draw it in. A man farther up the shore—a new arrival—was the first to discover the blunder. He came rushing down like a madman, tearing off coat and boots, forcing a path through the now dense multitude. He plunged into the greenish surf. A dozen, seeing his object, followed the example.

So exhausted was Miss Trevallian, it was with a tremendous effort she kept afloat.

He reached her first. He wound his left arm about her, and with his right struck out for land. After a while she became a dead weight. She had fainted.

When he lifted her in his arms and strode up the beach, the beautiful face upon his shoulder looked awfully deathlike.

* * * *

The evening was chilly, so a bright fire burned in the grate.

Very cozy indeed looked Miss Trevallian's room, with its soft, deep rugs, and ruby chairs, and open piano, and gaslight, and wax-light, and roses.

And very, very fair to see was Miss Trevallian herself. She lay on a lounge drawn up beside the fire. The folds of her snowy negligee, all cashmere and costly lace, swept the floor. Her dark, unbound hair fell over her shoulders in wavy masses. A slight pallor was the only apparent result of the morning's episode.

She started erect as the door was flung suddenly wide, formality forgotten in excitement. A gentleman in evening dress came swiftly across the room. He knelt down beside her, and caught her hand in his.

"I have only just learned that I might see you. Oh, forgive me!" he cried.

"Forgive you!" she faltered. "You saved my life——"

"Don't!" he pleaded, with a sob of pain. "You don't understand. Wait till I have told you."

He did not spare himself. He told her all—how he had distrusted her, beaten back his love for her.

When he had quite finished, she [illegible]

"How is the child?"

"Better. They think he will live."

A smile of content lit her proud face. He rose, and stood staring at her a trifle dazedly. Was his fault too great for pardon?

He said to himself that her forgiveness was all he asked. He was utterly hopeless. When she had thus absolved him, he would go away.

"You have not forgotten me," he reminded her. "You blamed me."

She stretched out her hand to him.

"There is one person whom one needs not to forgive, and whom one can never blame," she said.

"Yes—whom one loves," he answered sadly.

"Well, Eric!"

He started as though electrified. He clasped her hand in his with a quick-catching of his breath.

"You mean it, Edith?"

She answered him, smiling:

"I mean it. How stupid you are!"

In South Dakota.

S. W. Allen of the Union Stockyards, who recently returned from a trip to South Dakota, is authority for the statement that there are no "monkeys" or "monkey wrenches" in that State.

Having to go to a town about thirty miles from where he was stopping and the railroad trains being very uncertain quantities, he decided to drive, accompanied by an obliging native.

All went well until late in the afternoon, when a nut came off the rear axle. Diligent search was rewarded by finding it, but they were still helpless for the want of a monkey wrench. Mr. Allen said he'd walk back about a mile to Pete Larsen's place and borrow one. The amiable Swede was in the cattle yard, and Mr. Allen accosted him with, "Have you a monkey wrench?"

Whereupon the mild, blue-eyed son of the North scratched his head and looked puzzled, pushed back his cap and slowly repeated, "Monkey ranch, monkey ranch, let me see. Ole Olson he have a cattle ranch and Jon Jonson over dar' bout eight mile he have a sheep ranch, but dat monkey ranch, I don't know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It's what you do today that counts—not what you are going to do tomorrow.

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There are still some vacant lots on Easy street.

No one ever discovered a saint by looking in a mirror.

No, Alonzo, a literary club isn't necessarily a big stick.

Men with wooden legs naturally have a lumbering gait.

It isn't safe to judge a man's past by what he says about it.

[illegible]ong the days seem when you are short of money!

Love may be blind, but while there is life there is hope.

Faultfinding is unlike charity, but it usually begins at home.

The stiffness due to rheumatism is never mistaken for dignity.

One brand of seasickness is the result of a trip on the sea of matrimony.

A man of the world is one who has managed to dodge the undertaker.

The worst feature about losing one's temper is that it refuses to stay lost.

Some men are unable to distinguish between good advice and a mild insult.

Many a young man is sorry he spoke after spending a day pricing furniture.

Good sense is better than good looks, but so few people are afflicted with either.

When some people tell us they did their best we wonder what their worst is like.

One of the hardest things to do is raise money when you just have to have it.

But the man who saws wood and says nothing is not always as wise as he seems.

"Make good or don't bluff" is a bit slangy, but it expresses the idea in compact form.

It's awfully hard for a woman to believe the nice things she tells other women about her husband.

A man loves a woman because he wants to. If he marries her it is because she wants him to.

Some wives get comfort out of the thought that their husbands are just as good as other men when they are asleep.

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt is convinced that her count does not come off the same bush as that picked by Anna Gould

How large the interest on a promissory note looks when you are paying it, and how small it looks when you are receiving it.

A Nebraska farmer recently married a New York woman for whom he waited twenty-five years. Such constancy deserves a rich reward, but he will make a serious mistake if he thinks he can stay out late at night without shaking her faith.

THEIR HAUNTING SECRETS.

BY LYDIA A. JOCELYN.

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CHAPTER XV.
FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

Poor Aggie, indeed!

In a narrow room of the east wing, lighted by a single, grated window, the same at which the maniac's face had been visible to Captain Standish, and so shadowed by a thicket of crab-apple trees and cinnamon rose bushes as to allow little more than a half-twilight to penetrate, even at noontide, Aggie passed the greater portion of the dreary days.

During the afternoon the clouds gathered, and on the night the ill-starred marriage was to take place, a storm was raging, and a few brands were smouldering in a shallow fireplace. A spindle-legged table stood near an old-fashioned tester bed.

The room was sombre to the last degree. The grimy paper on the walls was covered with grotesque figures; the high mantel, dark with age and smoke, the panelling of the room painted a dull red, even the dusky curtains draping the couch bore a funereal look.

On this particular night the very air was oppressive. The hands of the tall eight-day clock pointed to the hour of midnight.

Upon the couch, a poor wreck of beauty, Crazy Aggie, tossed, the maniacal fires lending a strange brilliancy to her eyes and a feverish glow to her cheeks.

Five persons were gathered in the room—a strange group—a strange scene.

Mark Kirby lounged in a chair in a corner, his thick, sensual lips set in an ugly sneer, his mother in her limp, trailing black robe, reminding one of a cloistered recluse, and beside her a woman stout in build, the whole face 'of the earth, earthy,' habited in a merino gown, of a cinnamon hue matching the false front lying low upon her retreating forehead. The voluminous skirt was further broadened by a series of flounces, making the dumpy figure still more squat, although the corsage was so tightly laced that the blood flushed to the face of the wearer upon the slightest exertion. The heavy chin and puffy hands told of feasting and good cheer.

To a casual observer, Mrs. Gilmore's was a good-humored, jolly countenance, and one might be inclined to the belief that she was too indolent to dispute a point.

No greater mistake could possibly be made.

To one well skilled in reading expression, a second gaze in the cold, gray eyes would dispel the illusion. Easy, even indolent, Mrs. Gilmore was in a certain sense, yet the woman had an indomitable will, and when aroused her anger was to be dreaded. This curse of a headstrong will had brought its own reward. Had she listened to the entreaty of her only child, had she heeded Grant Judson's manly pleading, Aggie might have been a happy wife, instead of the pitiful wreck whom her mother was about to sacrifice.

Ellen Shore, true to her resolve to become a witness to the wedding, had succeeded in clearing a broad crack in the flooring of the attic, in direct line with a patch of the ceiling in Aggie's room, from which the plaster had fallen, allowing a full view of the proceedings. Every word spoken was audible to Ellen and Aunt Sally crouching upon the dusty floor above.

"It is a wicked shame," whispered Aunt Sally. "Ant'ony Rudd would sell his soul for a few cents, and the Lord knows Satan would make a scaly bargain at that. He's made believe makin' an examination to see if the poor critter is fit to be married, and he says she is o' sound mind, when he knows she's crazy as a bumble-bee, an' that them two women have been a dopin' her with stuff tew keep her still long enough to suit their ends. I've a good mind as ever I had tew eat tew go up tew the selectmen and let the cat out o' the bag. Serve 'em right, the desateful wretches!"

"Sh-h-h-h!" whispered Ellen. "I want to hear what is goin' on!"

It was a perfidious proceeding. Doctor Rudd, after a preliminary examination of the pulse, and a few questions put to the poor maniac, to which she made no response, made out a certificate declaring the intended bride to be of sound mind at the date when the marriage took place, to which was appended his name, and the document was also signed by his son, who had but recently obtained a diploma as a physician.

Then the mockery of a marriage service was performed by Titus Rudd, who was also a Justice of the Peace, and the foul wrong was consummated.

Poor Aggie, quiet from the effect of a powerful sedative, gazed stupidly at her newly-made husband, who could not repress a grimace of disgust when Mrs. Gilmore's face was turned from him.

Mrs. Gilmore placed a goodly roll of bank notes in the doctor's hands.

"Your fee, to be equally divided for your joint service," she said in a low tone that was inaudible to the watchers above, but Ellen Shore's sharp eyes saw the size of the package and understood.

"Did you see that?" she whispered to Aunt Sally, who, from her point of observation, was watching intently.

"My eyes ain't so sharp as they useter be, but I see Mis. Gilmore hand old Rudd somethin'. I mistrust 'twas bills."

"Of course," assented Ellen, "an' a big swad. I'll bet a cookie it wa'n't less than a hundred dollars.'"

"Good Lord!" gasped Sally. "Mis. Gilmore is a wicked woman, an' I on'y wish I dare let out on her."

"Not half so tricky as that old cat Mis. Kirby, an' mark my words, she'll git the worst on't before it's all ended, or my name ain't Ellen Shore."

"She's sellin' her own flesh and blood—a regular Judas," declared Aunt Sally, stoutly. "I maintain it orter be known."

"I don't dispute that one grain, but it's dog eat dog, and ain't none o' our business. If we should be fools enough to tell what's goin' on we should lose our places. Besides, if we keep still and stay on we may be some use to the poor crazy thing that hain't got no friends," argued Ellen, as the best inducement for securing Aunt Sally's silence.

"I didn't think o' that. You've got a long head, Ellen. I'll be mum as a fish. We may be able to help the poor, little critter ef they abuse her tew bad, an' I can't help likin' her, crazy or not crazy."

"Nor I neither," agreed Ellen, "and I'm real sorry for her. Sh-h-h! they're goin'."

Not a word had been spoken by the persons in the room below, while Doctor Rudd carefully counted out the bills, and placed half the sum in his son's hands. Carefully bestowing their ill-gotten booty within capacious pocket-books, the father and son bowed themselves out. Mrs. Kirby accompanied them, a lighted candle in hand.

The place chosen by Ellen as a point of observation was directly beneath the eaves, and bounded by the partition wall of the chamber where Aggie was confined when seized by a frenzied paroxysm, the room to which she had been conveyed after her rescue from Mark's hands.

In this wall, also, Ellen had removed a portion of plaster sufficiently large to admit of a view of the interior of the upper chamber, an item which she had not thought fit to divulge to her companion. She was of an intriguing disposition, and avaricious to a degree.

"I may make a spec' out o' what I can find out. Who knows? I wouldn't have left Aunt Sally into the secret on'y it is as well to have a witness if I need one. I'll manage to keep her mouth shut unless I choose to have her speak," she cogitated as the door closed on the two men.

"The show's over. We'd better get to our room. The old cat may be mousing 'round to see if we are asleep. She's a cute one, is Mis. Kirby," Ellen whispered to Aunt Sally, and the two crept from the confined space and made their way to the chamber they occupied jointly, and hastily undressed.

Scarcely were they comfortably in bed when a low tap at the door warned them that Ellen's prevision was correct.

Grasping Aunt Sally's arm, she gave it a warning squeeze.

Tap—tap—tap.

Thrice the call was repeated, but eliciting no answer save a deep snore from Ellen, and satisfied that her servants were sleeping soundly, Mrs. Kirby crept down the stairs.

It was a season of startling events in the quiet village. The day following the news was circulated that Mark Kirby had wedded Aggie Gilmore.

Had the good people known of that other secret bridal within the walls of the ruined mill, tongues would have wagged faster and continuously. Mark's marriage was freely speculated upon, the villagers giving a shrewd guess concerning the cause that had led to the unhallowed proceeding, but none could gainsay the validity of the marriage.

CHAPTER XVI.
A PROPOSAL.

The enlistment of Dick Norman and Wesley Atkins, the burning of Deep Pond Church and last, the marriage of Mark Kirby became stale themes, and gossip soon found fresh fuel upon which to feed.

The attention of Captain Standish to pretty Fannie Alden, his frequent visits to Millrock Cottage, the rumor of an engagement, and Doctor Lisle's evident jealousy, were morsels served until some more engrossing news should claim attention.

How little they guessed that under this strata of seeming quietude, events were shaping a tragedy that would startle that staid community like an electric shock.

It was true that Lacy Lisle had marked the growing intimacy between Fannie and the captain with a jealous eye, and the knowledge was gall and wormwood to the vanity of the hitherto irresistible young fop.

Of the efficacy of a lavender necktie, a canary-colored vest and a wine-colored coat, in prosecuting a courtship successfully he had unbounded faith until the advent of Harold Standish. Then, indeed, the captain's uniform became a thorn in the flesh.

On several occasions he had catechised Aunt Huldah upon the subject of the captain's visits, hoping that she might enlighten him by some inadvertent admission, but his craftiest questioning failed.

"I would enlist myself, uniform is so becoming, and so attractive to the ladies, only a soldier's life is too full of danger. I'm not quite sure but I might be willing to enter the service as a surgeon, only the sash is hardly as becoming as the uniform of other officers. I don't think it would pay," he said, banteringly, to Aunt Huldah.

"Ef I's you an' had a chance tew 'list I wouldn't spile a good mind. It's a proper fine thing to be a soldier 'cause their clothes is so purty! They'd set you off amazin'; for instance, the cap would be dreadful becomin'."

"Do you really think so?" quizzed the doctor.

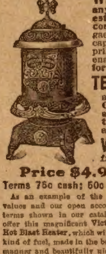
"I don't guess nothin' 'bout it. It stands tew reason. You could kind o' draw it down, tip it a leetle mite over the right-hand corner o' your fore'ead—I've noticed that's the way they 'most allus wear 'em. Your eyes wouldn't look so sunk-in as they dew. Then the coat would hide the holler in your chest. I hold 'tain't no sin tew hide deficiencies. Yes," added Aunt Huldah, reflectively, as she stepped back to take a sweeping view of the young man over her steel-bowed spectacles, "yes, you'd make quite a decent appearance in regimentals; any bad p'ints wouldn't be noticed on a trottin' hoss."

"Much obliged to you for your compliment, I'm sure," returned the doctor, nettled at the plain speech which he had provoked.

"Not the least mite in the world. I ain't no great hand at complimentin' folks. I dew think it would be the makin' o' you to 'list and as you be a good doctor, you could do a power of good. After you'd served your 'prenticeship and got back home, the gals would shine up to you like a sick kitten tew a hot brick. I've noticed that they generally like grit in a man, an' ain't over an' above proud o' a man that hain't got no spunk. Gals is gals, an' will be as long as the airth stands."

"Surely, Mrs. Dobson, you do not think that a proper regard for dress and the amenities of society are incompatible with manliness?"

"I guess I git the heft o' your meanin'. I don't say that wearin' fine clothes makes a man a coward, but I dew consate that when he's givin' his whole time tew prinkin' an' admirin' himself, the gals know there ain't no great danger o' his fallin' in love in earnest with anybody but himself. Them's my ideas without jeestin' or jokin'. How-



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somever, there's as much diff'rence in folks as there is in anybody, an' everybody tew their own notion."

Lacy Lisle winced under this plain statement of facts. The truth was not particularly agreeable, even from the lips of an old woman whom he considered far below him in the social scale, but Aunt Huldah was a privileged character, and her homely truth bore weight.

"I tell you what 'tis, Fannie, I gi'n the doctor a piece o' my mind. I didn't butter my words one mite, though it didn't go down slick, but he needed it, for he's a sight tew big for his clothes," Aunt Huldah explained to Fannie, after the doctor's departure.

Fannie laughed heartily at the relation.

"I don't go behind nobody's back talkin' 'bout 'em what I won't say tew their faces. It's no more than he orter know, an' it was somebody's duty tew tell him, an' it won't hurt him a grain. I did my duty faithful."

When Lacy Lisle again called at Millrock Cottage, his walking-stick was laid aside, his suit was a sober silvery-gray, his tie a black satin bow-knot.

It was Charlie who answered his rap at the door.

"Fan has gone out to gather lily buds," she replied, in response to his inquiry for her sister.

"How long has she been gone?" he asked.

"Not two minutes. Won't you come in?"

"No, thanks, I think I will try to find her," returned the doctor as he hurried away, but not before Aunt Huldah, peeping through the window, had observed the radical change in his attire.

"Tell you what 'tis, Charlie, I guess my talkin' did him good," she chuckled, as her needles clicked in the sock she was knitting at odd moments.

"I see he has hauled down his colors," laughed Charlie.

"He's goin' tew pop the question or I miss my guess," returned Aunt Huldah. "Willow Pond is a master courtin' place for the boys an' gals. The young men think it's lucky."

"That's where the captain proposed, and it was lucky for him, but as for Doctor Lisle, well, he won't think much of it when he find out that Fan is engaged. I feel a little bit sorry for him, for he isn't a bad sort, after all, only he is a trifle vain and a lady-killer," returned Charlie. "Perhaps a set-back will do him good."

"He's a skillful man, a fust-rate doctor, an' if he gits rid of his flirtin' ways, marries a good wife, an' settles down, he'll make his mark in the world. Wel-l-l-l, time will determine," philosophized Aunt Huldah.

Aunt Huldah's surmise was correct. Lacy Lisle had resolved to venture the important question, and he realized that if he would forestall the captain he must lose no time.

"Good-evening, Miss Fannie. Wait a moment and I will row you. That is too laborious work for your pretty hands," called the doctor as he hurried down the path to the landing, where Fannie was just pushing off her boat.

She could not refuse; the doctor took the oars, and with a few powerful strokes sent the boat out upon the smooth surface and headed in the direction of Fisher's Rock.

Rounding the spur of willows, he dropped the oars, allowing the boat to float idly.

In the gloaming she could see that he was agitated, ill at ease, and half divining the cause, she began to gather the lily buds with nervous fingers.

For the first time in his experience words failed him, and he flushed and paled alternately.

"Fannie, I have something to tell you, something that—that," he began awkwardly.

She looked up inquiringly. The faltering speech was something so foreign to the assured young man whose prettily turned compliments had set the heart of more than one fair lady aflutter.

Her eyes drooped, and she shrank away, while he, with a strange hesitancy, stammered an avowal of love.

The very abruptness took from his confession the sense of reality, and she could only take refuge in silence.

"Will you not give me an answer?" he questioned, after a pause. "Can you love me in return as I love you?"

"Doctor Lisle. I am very sorry that you have spoken. As a friend I esteem you, while I feel that in reality you have given me only friendship. Let us remain friends, for we can be nothing more. I have promised to be Harold Standish's wife."

"And you love him?" questioned Lisle. "You have known him but a few, short weeks."

"I love him, else I would not have promised to be his wife."

"If you had never met Standish would it have been different? Would you have refused me?"

"Perhaps, I do not know. It would be no task for you to win love, provided you had any real wish to gain that love. The truth is, you are not in love with me, and it is useless to discuss the subject."

"If I did not love you, why should I seek to win you?"

"Shall I tell you? Partially from pique that your attentions were not received in earnest, and for the rest, a desire for what is out of reach. Aunt Huldah says what a man can have he don't want, and he is always looking for what he can't get. We will forget what you have said and be the best of friends. One of these days you will fall in love in real earnest, take a wife and become famous in your profession."

"I'll try for it, by Jove! I know well enough that you despised what you believed my cowardice in that affair with Mark Kirby. I don't think I am a coward, but I reflected that Mark was more than a match for me in physical strength, and that I should have no chance whatever. In the future I will do my best to win your respect."

"Thank you, Doctor Lisle. I feel assured that you will keep your word. I shall always esteem you as a friend, and I admit that I cannot blame you for your unwillingness to attack Mark. He is a big brute and would have handled you roughly."

"Physical strength is not always a test of manliness, as I will strive to prove in the future," he returned. "Here's my hand in token of our good fellowship."

She took the slender hand in a warm clasp, little dreaming how that hand would render vital aid in the time to come.

CHAPTER XVII.

STORM CLOUDS.

Months passed and at Hilltop events were ripening for a dread harvest. Mark Kirby had been legally constituted the guardian of his maniac bride's fortune.

This idea was very gratifying, but the role of the attentive husband in the presence of his exacting mother-in-law was intolerable, and it was only by dint of continual lectures from Mrs. Kirby that he was induced to keep up the semblance.

To Mrs. Gilmore, he was dutiful, preferring the mode of ingratiating himself in her favor to the task of humoring a maniac's whim.

Mrs. Gilmore, looking through the medium of Jane Kirby's eyes, saw in her daughter's husband only a thoughtless, kind-hearted boy—a little impulsive and hot tempered, but at his age that was not to be condemned too severely.

If Aggie should die, Mark would inherit what was at her disposal, and to make assurances doubly sure, a will must be made.

She came to this conclusion after a conference with Mrs. Kirby, who had played upon her prejudice.

"It is so much to be hoped that an heir may be given dear Aggie," she said. "Mark is so conscientious, and so independent that in the event he should lose his dear wife he would never dream of contesting the claim Mrs. Westwood and her ambitious daughter would be certain to set up."

"Sophronia Westwood nor that hoity-toity Lucy shall never become heirs of the Gilmore estate; not a penny of my money, that was Ben Gilmore's, shall either of them touch!" answered Mrs. Gilmore, angrily.

"Be calm, Eunice, dear; their threats do not amount to anything," returned Mrs. Kirby, in a soothing tone, but the words were as fuel to a flame.

"Their threats?" screamed Mrs. Gilmore. "How dare they threaten? Jane Kirby, tell me this minute what they have said."

"I'm very sorry I spoke. It was a slip of the tongue, but you may think it worse than the reality, so I will tell you precisely what Lucy said."

"Well?" snapped Mrs. Gilmore, interrogatively.

"Lucy twitted Mark that he couldn't get her grandfather's money, that in case Aggie died without heirs, her Grandfather Ward's estate would come to her, and that Aunt Gilmore couldn't alter that will nor take her money from her. That is but the truth, Eunice, and you can't blame Lucy for saying it."

"She wouldn't have said it if her mother hadn't talked it over. She forgets that half my money belonged to my husband, and that I can dispose of it as I see fit. I'll make a will this very day, and every penny of Mr. Gilmore's money shall be left to Mark in case he survives Aggie and she leaves no children. Lucy Westwood has the bad blood inherited from both her father and mother, and I really believe they wish Aggie dead. I do indeed! She and Sophronia Westwood are bad enough for even that! Where's Mark?"

She began pacing up and down the room with the tread of a grenadier, her cap frill blown back by the breeze, the very lavender-colored bows fairly bristling in sympathy with her temper.

"Do you want to see him? I presume he is not far away. I saw him in the orchard a few minutes ago," returned Mrs. Kirby, blandly.

"Yes, I want him right away. I'm going to my lawyer's office this very morning, and I'm going to make a will. I'll see if that young minx will snap her fingers in my face."

Mark was not in the orchard, and it was some minutes before his mother found him, lounging in the barn. She was anxious to give him minute instructions as to his mode of proceeding before his interview with his mother-in-law.

"Mark! Why will you be so roguish? Now, you are married, you should quit boyish sport," she called sharply.

The boyish sport was a fight between two cats which Mark had penned in a corner by means of a fishing net drawn across the angle.

He merely glanced toward his mother as she stood just within the threshold.

"Go it, Shellback! Give him your claws, Carroty!" he yelled in great glee, as the animals clawed each other, viciously.

"Let those nasty cats go," called Mrs. Kirby.

"I won't! If you want to try it on, just let 'em go yourself! You'll get a swipe that'll last you awhile," snarled Mark.

"Your mother-in-law wants to see you right away——"

"Let her wait till her her hurry's over," returned Mark. "I ain't her pup to fetch and carry."

Mrs. Kirby tore down the net, seized one of the cats and tossed it into a tangle of nettles outside the door, receiving a deep scratch from Shellback's hind claws.

"I knew you'd get a dig," gurgled the dutiful son.

"There, I hope you will have time to attend to what I say," she exclaimed, angrily. "You'll cut your own throat with your pranks, if you don't mend your ways."

"I've felt like cutting my throat ever since you tied me up to that loon in there," returned Mark. "I wish she and the old one were both in Tophet."

"Hush-h-h! Somebody may hear you. Ellen and Aunt Sally are always snoopin'. If they catch a word the fat will be in the fire."

"What are you after, anyway? Out with it lively, for I'm going a hunting."

"Oh, well, if hunting is worth more to you than thousands of dollars you are at liberty to go. I'm nearly discouraged with plotting and planning for your interest and you are so ungrateful," returned Mrs. Kirby, dolefully, as she wiped the blood from the scratched hand, that was paining.

"Now, you needn't go into fits as I know of. What's the racket, anyhow? If it's anything to bring in the shekels, I'm your man."

"Nothing of much consequence, only this, that Eunice is going to make her will in your favor. If you have no heirs——"

"Heirs be hanged. How did you wheedle her into that? I'm sure you had a finger in the pie."

"I—I told—manufactured a little story which you must not contradict."

"I tumble," laughed Mark. "I don't care if you told her a string of lies as long as from here to hack-a-ney-barney, if it loosens her purse strings."

"Don't be coarse. I never intend to tell untruths. I only fibbed, because it was necessary."

"You didn't lie, only lied, that's all; but go on with that pretty talk."

Mrs. Kirby explained.

"Ha, ha! That's a good one. Why Lu Westwood dodges me on every occasion. Don't speak if she can get out of it decently. Not very likely to threaten Ag or her mother, but if the old woman believes your yarn, it's all right. I'll stick to what you said, never fear."

"You had better go to Aggie's room and show some attention to your wife."

"My wife! No, don't throw that in my face or I'll fly off the hook."

"Well, well, remember what is at stake, and don't spoil everything. I wish to find you with Aggie, you understand. Suppose I tell the truth about your—your pastimes."

"Fighting cats, eh?"

"Yes; do you think it would elevate you

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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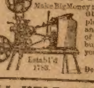

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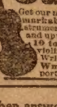

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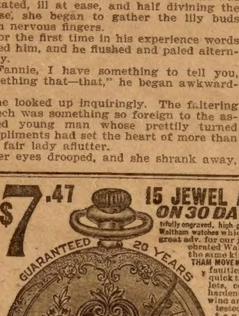

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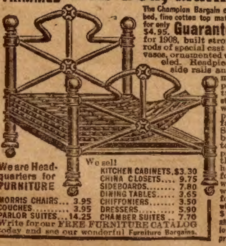

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"Well, I'll hang around his house tonight and shoot holes through his windows, and when he comes down town in the morning you be behind a fence in some vacant lot and put a few balls through the top of his hat. Then when he reaches his office I'll drop in and talk life insurance again."

A Delicate Question.

Waggish Friend—Where did you get that ——

Sprigins (gasping)—Eh? Wha——

Waggish Friend—That hat?

Sprigins—Oh! Hat? Of course, or course! Bought it around the corner. I was afraid you were going to ask me where I got this umbrella.

Too Informal.

Johnny—The doctor says Uncle Humphry has Bright's disease.

His Mamma—The doctor may call it that if he pleases, my dear, but you should say Mr. Bright's disease.

Varied.

"How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?"

"Well, it all depends."

"Depends on what?"

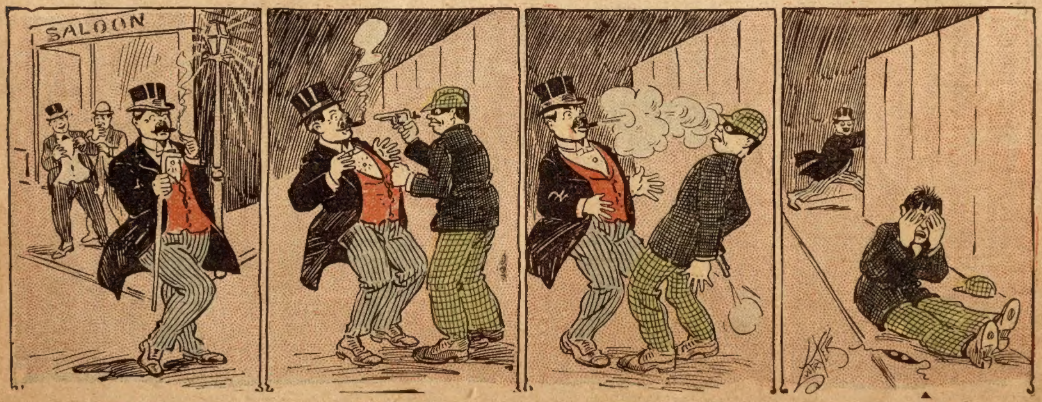
"On the length of the sermon."

Not for Them.

"Why is it," queried the summer girl, "that fat people seldom spend their vacation in the mountains?"

"Perhaps," replied the observer of human nature they do not like to climb it."

TINY TINKLES.



Loaded cigar! Hold-up, thar! Bang! Bim! Joke's on him!

Pertinent Query.

"The drum," remarked the student boarder, "is found in every country in the world except China."

"What's the matter with the Chinese?" queried the fussy bachelor at the pedal ex- [illegible] the mahogany. "Haven't they drums in their ears?'

Opposition.

First Newsboy—There goes a gent. Chase him.

Second Newsboy—No use. Just saw him come out of a barber-shop. He's heard all the news there is.

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Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1906 Models $10 to $27
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1904 & 1905 Models all of best makes $7 to $12
500 Second-Hand Wheels
All Makes and Models, good as new $3 to $8
Great Factory Clearing Sale.
We Ship on Approval *without a cent deposit*, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc. half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs. *Write at once.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept F53 Chicago

$100 A MONTH

Can be made by any bright man or woman who will act as my representative. Here's an unusual opportunity. Pleasant work. Write me today.
H. WALTER COLE, 1168 15th STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAKE MONEY EASY

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives for Christmas Gifts with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle.
AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH (We show you how)
Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 28 BAR STREET, CANTON, O.

AGENTS learn to fit glasses by sending for our Free Book on the eye; it will tell you all about it. A business that pays you from $75.00 to $150.00 per month without fail; the optical profession will do it for you. No field so pleasant, profitable or so little worked. No longer necessary to work for some one else at a meager salary. Every agent should have this VALUABLE BOOK. It costs you nothing and tells all about fitting glasses and where to get the best supplies at wholesale prices. Address
JACKSONION OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. F, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Not a Surprise.

Kentucky Official—Madam, I am after your son. He got into a fight in a saloon in our town and killed four men.

Mrs. Backwoods—Waal, now, did he really? I s'pose the dear boy was sleepy. Ever since he was a little baby he was always sort of cross when he was sleepy.

Gauging His Price.

"Yes, the widow thought everything of him."

"Why didn't she marry him, then?"

"She didn't want to give up her pension of $6 a month."

Repairing an Auto.

"Tompkins is having an awful time with his new auto."

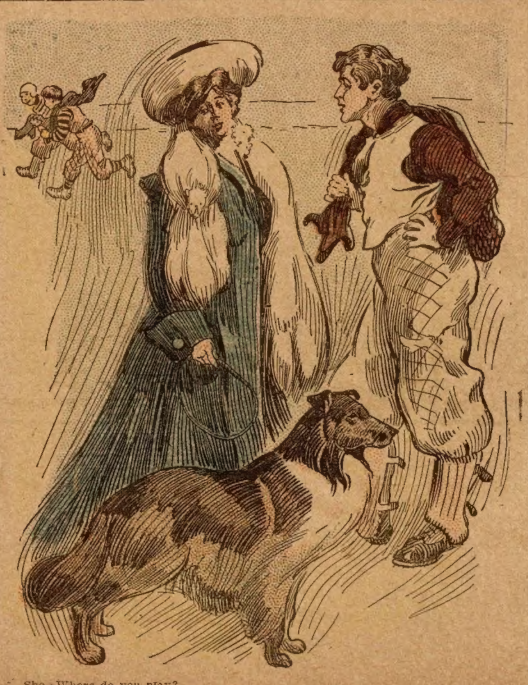
"In what way?"

"Every time he repairs it he has a lot of parts left over that he can't find a place for."

Granted.

"My client desires a stay," said the lawyer, reaching for some papers.

"The court is glad to find your client amenable to the situation," replied gravely the gentleman on the bench; "the stay will be for ten years."



She—Where do you play?
He—Fullback.
She—Gracious! I wouldn't play unless I was right up in front.

The Up-To-Date.

"I suppose you go to the city at least once a year," said the summer boarder.

"I used tew," replied the old farmer, "but I ain't ben thar fer nigh onto three years neow. Sense we got rural free delivery I kin git bunkoed jist as well by mail, b'gosh!"

Free Deafness Cure.

A remarkable offer made by one of the leading ear specialists in this country. Dr. Branaman offers to all applying at once two full months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure permanently Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh in every stage. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1283 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

A Useful Present.

Mrs. Jobs—What on earth is that?

Mr. Jobs—This, my dear, is a barometer—a present from our son at college.

Mrs. Jobs—Oh, I've heard of them. Isn't the dear boy thoughtful! Which way do we screw it when we want the weather to be fine?

CURE FOR LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Address Kansas Anti-Liquor Society, 15 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Scuttling a Ship.

Inquiring Boy—Pa, what do sailors mean by scuttling a ship?

Pa (worried over family expenses)—They mean, my son, that they put a big hole in it like the one which Bridget's scuttle has made in that last ton of coal.

New Homes in the West.

Send for free copy of pamphlet containing synopsis of the United States homestead laws and information how to secure a quarter section of splendid farming or grazing land free, along the new railway lines of the Chicago & North-Western Ry., in South Dakota, Wyoming and other States. Special excursion rates to homeseekers. Full information on request to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago.

Hard to Dodge.

Wedderly—You say your friend Higgins left a widow?

Singleton—Yes.

Wedderly—He must have been a wise guy. I tried to leave one once, but she kept on my trail until she married me.

At the Club.

"Sponger is going around telling the fellows that he has enough sense to know when to stop drinking."

"And when does he generally stop?"

"Just before his treat."

An Expert.

Myer—I understand your friend Bumps is an expert phrenologist.

Gyer—You bet he is. Why, he can tell what's in a barrel by examining its head.

JOLLITY

SENSE ABOUT FOOD

Facts About Food Worth Knowing.

It is a serious question sometimes to know just what to eat when a person's stomach is out of order and most foods cause trouble.

Grape-Nuts food can be taken at any time with the certainty that it will digest. Actual experience of people is valuable to anyone interested in foods.

A Terre Haute woman writes: "I had suffered with indigestion for about four years, ever since an attack of typhoid fever, and at times could eat nothing but the very lightest food, and then suffer such agony with my stomach I would wish I never had to eat anything. I was urged to try Grape-Nuts and since using it I do not have to starve myself any more, but I can eat it at any time and feel nourished and satisfied. Dyspepsia is a thing of the past, and I am now strong and well.

"My husband also had an experience with Grape-Nuts. He was very weak and sickly in the spring. Could not attend to his work. He was put under the doctor's care, but medicine did not seem to do him any good until he began to leave off ordinary food and use Grape-Nuts. It was positively surprising to see the change in him. He grew better right off, and naturally he has none but words of praise for Grape-Nuts.

"Our boy thinks he cannot eat a meal without Grape-Nuts, and he learns so fast at school that his teacher and other scholars comment on it. I am satisfied that it is because of the great nourishing elements in Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

It contains the phosphate of potash from wheat and barley which combines with albumen to make the gray matter to daily refill the brain and nerve centres.

It is a pity that people do not know what to feed their children. There are many mothers who give their youngsters almost any kind of food and when they become sick begin to pour medicine down them. The real way is to stick to proper food and be healthy and get along without medicine and expense.

The Selfish Passenger.

Conductor (crowded car)—Plenty o' room inside.

Passenger (one of forty hanging to straps)—Plenty of room, eh? Where is it?

Conductor (wrathfully)—Along side o' you, you selfish hunk o' humanity. Want ter keep that strap all to yourself don't yer?

Misnamed.

"This horseradish," began the new boarder, "is——"

"What's the matter with the horseradish?" interrupted the landlady

"It is strong enough," continued the new boarder, "to have been named in honor of a mule."

A Long Search.

Mean Business Man—Seems to me you take a good while for lunch. You've been gone an hour and a half, and yet restaurants are as thick as hops about here.

Poorly Paid Clerk—I was hunting for a place within my means.

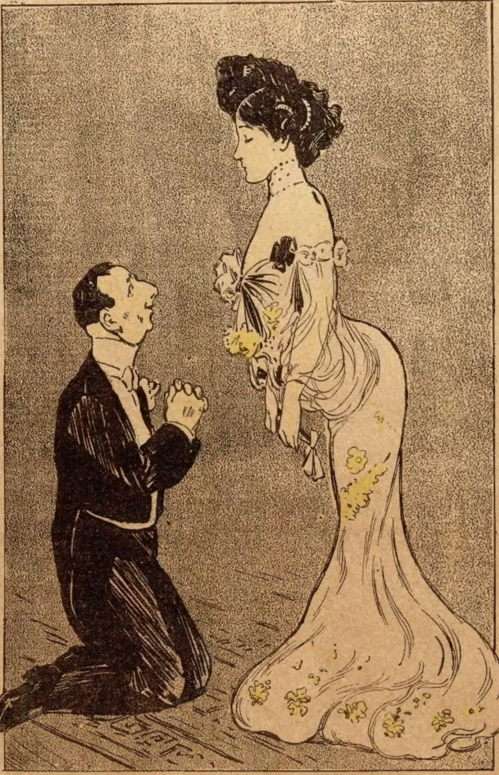
More Rest.

"You lazy tramp," said the industrious citizen, "why are you not a son of toil?"

"Because, boss," yawned Languid Luke, as he blew a puff of smoke at a wandering grasshopper, "it is so much easier to be a ton of soil.

Best to Guess High Enough.

No girl who cares for her peace of mind,
If she has such a thing,
Will go around to the store to find
The price of her diamond ring.



She—Why do I not return your love? Because, sir, I look upon it as a joke.
He—Will you return it if I inclose a stamped and addressed envelope?

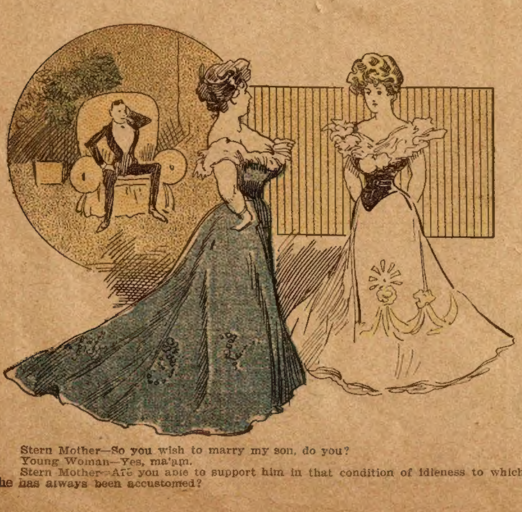
A Lucky Prisoner.

Old Lawyer—I cannot take your case. Circumstantial evidence is so strong against you that it will be impossible to prove your innocence.

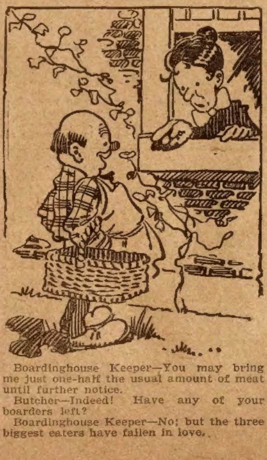
Prisoner—But I am not innocent. I am guilty.

Old Lawyer—Oh, then maybe I can clear you.

IN 1920.



Stern Mother—So you wish to marry my son, do you?
Young Woman—Yes, ma'am.
Stern Mother—Are you able to support him in that condition of idleness to which he has always been accustomed?



Boardinghouse Keeper—You may bring me just one-half the usual amount of meat until further notice.

Butcher—Indeed! Have any of your boarders left?

Boardinghouse Keeper—No; but the three biggest eaters have fallen in love.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. No "Bonfire" to start it.
Lights like a flash with ¼ of a match. That's a fact which will cost you only 1 cent a day to realize if you use a "Swiftlit" Lamp. *Think of that.* Radically different from any lamp you ever saw or heard of. *Just like City Gas* and better than a dozen kerosene lamps. Gives from 100 to 500 candle-light power—a penetrating soft light, the best to *read* or *sell* goods by, or it will *light your whole street front* if hung over outer door.
No alcohol expense or tedious waiting. Acts simply by gravity or pressure feed. *Burners* which fit old lamps supplied cheaply. Thousands of "Swiftlit" Lamps are used by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1868.
You can't afford to be without one. If you can be our Agent in your neighborhood, write for *wholesale price on specimen* "Swiftlit" Lamp. Now, don't put it off. Write *today*. Hear by return mail. *Then order if you want to.* You will. PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 18, ST. LOUIS.

AGENTS can easily make $10 a day selling our Novelty Sign Cards. *Sample Case Free.* Write today. HAWK SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 18, DES MOINES, IOWA

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY CO., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

$150. A MONTH PROFIT E. S. ROBERTS, BERKSHIRE CO., MASS. earns selling Electric Combs. YOU CAN EARN IT Dr. C. L. HULL, 1481 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

$26 A WEEK AND EXPENSES FOR MEN WITH rigs to introduce Poultry Compound. Reliable company. Experience unnecessary. IMPERIAL CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANSAS.

AGENTS wanted to represent old established Mail Order House. Over one thousand rapid selling specialties. From $5 to $10 per day easily made; costly outfit free. GEORGE A. PARKER, Dept. 74, 720 Chestnut Street., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AGENTS WANTED. Town and country. Attractive proposition. Earnings paid weekly. Experience unnecessary. Congenial work. No delivering or collecting. PERRY NURSERY COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion. Address HOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box Y 13, DANVILLE, VA

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—30 W. Adams St., Chicago.

GOOD SALARY PAID to an energetic man in every vicinity for selling lubricating oils and paints. Address THE HARVEY OIL CO., CLEVELAND, Ohio

$80 A MONTH Expenses advanced. District Managers, to travel and leave samples at stores. Address PEOPLE'S SUPPLY CO., Dept. 0-60, 61 Plymouth Place, CHICAGO

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1016 Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED $25.00 to $50.00 a week easily made selling our College and hand mounted art posters with hand painted decorations suitable for houses, clubs, cafes, etc. Sell on sight. No competition. Exclusive territory to men or women. THE DECORATIVE POSTER CO., 5 Norwood Avenue, Station H, Cincinnati, Ohio

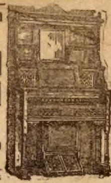
MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up show cards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. Address WM. R. WARNER MED. CO., London, Ont., Canada

AGENTS WANTED 200 Per Cent Profit. Sell our Big $1.00 bottle Sarsaparilla for 35 cts. Best Seller. Finest Medicine, Complies With Pure Drug Law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 27 Lake St. Chicago

FREE OUTFIT TO AGENTS Consisting of Rapid Potato Masher, (made of sheet steel, heavily tinned—strong and durable) and five other useful and attractive household utensils, viz.—Combination Dipper (9 articles in one) Perfection Cake Tin, Self-Sealing Pie Tin, Clean Cut Tin and Favorite Cake Spoon. These six articles of best material which retail for $1.00, we will send with catalog by express, absolutely FREE, to any one wishing to sell our goods who encloses us 25 cents to pay cost of packing, etc. Address Dept. DA Household Novelty Works, Chicago, Ill. or Buffalo, N.Y.

BIG MAIL FREE! Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.



$2.50 a Month
BUYS a GENUINE
Kimball ORGAN
At Factory Prices.
FREE MUSIC LESSONS BY OUR NEW DIAGRAM SYSTEM
If you write at once.

You can now buy the famous Kimball Organs direct from the makers at factory prices. We will send them to reliable people anywhere, to be paid for on our extremely easy payment plan—$2.50 monthly and upwards, if desired.

Operating the largest organ factory in the world, employing the largest capital, buying raw material in the greatest quantity for cash—the Kimball system of manufacturing and distributing positively saves you $20 to $50 on strictly first-class organs.

If you want an organ at all you want a good one; a mere pretty case with no music in it will not do. Secure at once the old, reliable Kimball Organ at Factory Prices and pay on convenient terms, and along with it will be sent free our new diagram system of Self-Instruction in Music, with which any person can at once play the organ and all the chords and accompaniments for singing, etc., without previous knowledge of music. You Need This Book—it's FREE with a Kimball Organ.

SEND TODAY FOR MONEY-SAVING PLAN AND 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Under no circumstances can you afford to buy or consider any other organ until you have our money-saving proposition.

Our half a century's manufacturing experience, our financially strong guarantee means much to you.

The most inexperienced buyer, a thousand or more miles away, can deal with us as wisely as the shrewdest trader, or as though you were here in person, for your organ will be selected by an expert. Entire satisfaction is fully guaranteed. You'll not only get a good organ, but we promise that your dealings with us will be pleasant. A fine piano stool free with your Kimball Organ.

Write TODAY for Free Catalogue.

W.W. Kimball Co., 253 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DETECTIVES Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality, to act under orders; no experience necessary. Write H. C. Webster, Indianapolis, Ind.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit cured. Free trial treatment. We specially desire cases where other remedies failed. Confidential. HARRIS INSTITUTE Room 539, No. 400 W. 23d St., NEW YORK

COUPON No. 1207 Send 12c. for a Solid Gold Shell Signet Ring, warranted for years, with raised scrolls on sides, any initials engraved FREE. Pass for a $3.00 ring and all the rage. ADVANCE CO., 61 Murray St., N.Y.

WANTED Young men and women to learn telegraphy by mail; anyone can learn it easily in a few weeks; we are unable to supply the demand for telegraph operators; no charge for tuition until position is secured. Write today for particulars. Michigan Business Institute, 584 Institute Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office. $60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 46, London, Canada

WRITE the WORDS for a SONG and I will write the music and present to big N. Y. Publishers. A "hit" may make you rich My song, "In the Good Old Summer Time," made me a fortune. My experience will aid you. Write to-day for free booklet. REN SHIELDS, 81 Johnston Building, New York.

WANTED Men to learn barber trade. Wonderful demand for barbers. Few weeks completes. $12 to $20 weekly paid graduates. Can earn expenses from start. Write nearest Branch. Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, Ills., St. Louis, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., Atlanta, Ga., New Orleans, La., Cincinnati, Ohio, Omaha, Neb., Dallas or San Antonio, Texas.

CORNS, WHILE THEY HURT, go get a box of A-Corn Salve. Only 15 cts. and your corns are removed safely, surely and permanently. No poison from cutting. 15 CENTS at your druggist's or by mail. GIANT CHEMICAL CO., PHILADELPHIA.

We Will Make You Prosperous

If you are honest and ambitious write us today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, we will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of our Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable book A 17, and full particulars free. Write today. Address nearest office.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
Phelps Bldg., Scranton, Pa. Harden Bldg., Washington, D. C.
Delgar Bldg., Oakland, Calif. Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

5.75 IM. 17 JEWELED RAILROAD WATCH

Our fine 25 YEAR GOLD FILLED design, hunting case watches are The BEST, MOST ACCURATE AND MOST BEAUTIFUL watches ever offered for this price. GOOD, WELL MADE case superbly engraved, and HIGH GRADE Jeweled movement. GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS Stem wind and set, Ladies' or Gent's size. Especially adapted for RAILROAD PEOPLE WHO REQUIRE A RELIABLE WATCH. To show our confidence in this watch and in your judgment, we will send this watch to any address C.O.D. $5.75 and Express charges, with privilege of full examination. If not found entirely satisfactory don't pay one cent. A nice Gold plated Ladies' or Gent's chain free with every watch. ONE WATCH FREE IF YOU buy six. E. D. FRETER & CO., 52 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Start in Business for Yourself

FREE—Just write us and we will send you absolutely free, all charges prepaid, everything necessary to set you up in a good paying business for yourself right in your own town. The equipment we send you contains a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measures, business stationery, etc., all Free.

You don't invest one cent. We take the risk. You will wonder how we do it. We send this expensive equipment free because

WE MUST HAVE A LIVE MAN

to represent us in your town. You should make from $15 to $50 a week easily right from the start. If you write us before we get someone in your town you will get a wonderful offer. If you become our branch Manager you get a commission on every dollar we sell in your territory. We turn all our business over to you. That's why our men make so much. We couldn't afford to make such offers only we must have our house represented in your town. So if you want to work for us, write us about yourself today. Address

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Dpt. 47, Chicago

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

By GEORGE WEYMOUTH.

WHEN I WAS DEAD;

Or, THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 40, October 5. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEMON RUMMER RETURNS.

When I got back to the office again I found Barbara and Billy in the front room, with scared, white faces.

"What is it? What has happened?" I asked.

"Binks—he is in there," said Billy, pointover his shoulder with his thumb. "He just came now."

"I threw open the door and walked into the composing room.

Binks was standing at the case with a stick in his hand, setting type for dear life.

He was dressed as I had seen him in the cave, in a pair of trousers, coatless, shirtless, hatless, shoeless.

At first I thought he was covered with blood, but I soon saw that it was red paint. There were splashes of red on his trousers and on his naked feet.

On his pigeon-like chest, there was much red paint, and I saw that he had been using himself for a sign board. He had written demon rum warnings and couplets upon his own breast.

But poor Binks was no longer wild of eye. He was haggard, and his face bristled with beard. His mat of black hair was more tangled and of longer growth than it had been on the day I first saw him. But he was mad no longer.

He seemed not to see me and I slipped back into the office.

"Go to his mother," I whispered. "Bring a coat for him and a pair of shoes, and send word to the searchers that Binks has come home."

Billy ran out of the office on this errand.

"That is red paint on him, not blood," I said to Barbara. "Do not be frightened—only keep out. He is not a fit sight for you to see."

Then I went back into the composing room.

"Binks," I said, calmly.

"Yes, sir," he turned to me. "Binks is my name. But I don't seem to know you. If you are looking for the editor she is in the front room, I reckon. Saw her in there with Billy a little while ago."

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"Me? I don't know. Been drunk, I guess. I'm a pretty looking specimen, ain't I. Got to stay here till dark, now. I ain't fit to be seen on the street. I don't know where in the world I spent the night. I guess mother's worried about me."

"You don't remember what happened, then?"

"I was here at work yesterday, and I thought I 'pied' a form. But I guess I didn't." He glanced around the office carefully. "I don't see any signs of it. Looks as if I had slept in a paint shop," he added, surveying himself ruefully.

"Something like that," I said. "I've sent Billy to your house after a coat and a pair of shoes, and to tell your mother you are all right. She's been worrying about you."

"Thank you, sir. And now I've got to 'pull out' and get this column of type up before supper. The paper will be behind again."

I met his mother in the hall.

"Binks is all right and in his right mind. He thinks he only went away yesterday. He doesn't remember anything that happened. Don't let on at present that he has been gone away for weeks. Take him home, and wash the red paint off him—remember it isn't blood—and give him something to eat. He looks half starved."

The poor lady stood trembling pitifully while I told her all of this. Then she went into the composing room and I closed the door and left her alone with her first born, whom she had grieved as dead.

Binks was only a dwarfish, bullet-headed, drunken printer, but to that simple-hearted old woman he was the dearest creature in the world.

I may say, now, that Binks never could remember where he had been or what he had done during all those long weeks of absence. He must have been hidden in the woods and lived the life of a wild man, for nobody ever could be found who had seen him.

"Well," I said to Barbara, after the old lady had led Binks away, "I am glad your old printer has come back. He is sane now, and it isn't likely that he will drink any more very soon.

"He thinks he only went away yesterday, and he will keep right on with his work in the office, as if nothing ever happened."

"And you—you will be able to devote all your time to the editorial work. I have not been ignorant of the fact that you have been the real editor and manager of the paper since the day you came. We never had such a good paper before, and I think we never made so much money."

"I am glad to have been of use to you," I said. "I see by the ledger, however, that I owe you eighteen dollars. I desire to pay it—and at the same time to thank you heartily for your goodness to me."

"What do you mean? I am not in a hurry for the money."

"Yet, I would better pay it now," I said, laying the bills on the table beside her.

"You are going away, then?" she asked, with a little catch in her voice.

"No, but I am going to resign. I have another engagement."

"Oh, that is it? You have another engagement? You do not desire to work with me any longer? Very well. Perhaps that is better."

She turned away from me, hurt, with a little pathetic attempt at dignity that almost broke my heart.

"You will know tomorrow, Miss Talifero—Barbara. I am going on a dark journey, where I will be alone, and the end of it may be ignominy or maybe death. Tomorrow, when that journey begins, you will have no more kindly feelings toward me. You will think of me with horror and hatred. I will have no right, then, to claim even your sympathy. Oh, Barbara, if I could only know that you believed in me and trusted me, what a comfort that would be during the trying days to come!"

"Can't you be sure of that, always?"

"No—I can only hope—and now, good-by—Barbara."

She took my hand and looked at me wistfully.

"I do not understand, Mr. Smith. You are full of dark riddles today."

"Tomorrow I will not be Mr. Smith," I said. "Then you will know the truth."

"Will you not tell me the truth, now?"

"I will tell you this, Barbara. I am accused of a dreadful crime. I am going to give myself up."

"I know you are not guilty," she declared firmly.

"And I am not guilty," I said. "I swear that to you by all that I hold most sacred. I am not guilty. Yet my guilt is so apparently proved by circumstances and by the word of a villain that I stand in imminent danger. And I have only one friend to stand with me against the whole world."

"And that friend is myself."

"No, Barbara; that friend is Colonel Brentwood Marshall."

"Why do you leave me out?" she cried.

"You will know. And now let us not talk of it any more. I may not see you again. Good-by, Barbara, dear. Remember that I love you. Let that plead for me when all other tongues are silent."

I was holding her two hands, now, and I drew her gently toward me, my eyes holding hers.

"It is good-by," I murmured. "Perhaps the last good-by of all, Barbara."

Nearer and nearer her face came to mine.

"Good-by," she said, "and God bless you and sustain you through whatever dark paths in which He sets your feet. Good-by."

Then our lips met.

Just as we drew apart there were footsteps in the hall, and the door opened.

Hugh Poindexter came into the room, and there followed him the sheriff and—Black.

I looked at their stern faces and read my fate. The privilege of self-surrender was denied me. I had waited one day too long.

"That is the man," said Black, in a harsh tone.

"You are sure?" asked the sheriff.

"Absolutely sure. There can be no mistake."

"Then, Smith—or Howard Marshall—it is my duty to place you under arrest. I have a warrant here. Shall I read it to you?"

"It is not necessary," I said. "I am the man you seek."

"Barbara, you would better withdraw," said Poindexter. "The man before you is the wickedest criminal in the world. It is my duty, as it shall be my pleasure to see that he is hanged."

She stared at us mutely, uncomprehendingly.

"Let us go," I said to the sheriff, in a low tone, and he led me to the door.

But Barbara sprang forward and seized my hand.

"Remember that I believe you are innocent," she said.

Hugh Poindexter leaped toward us almost savagely.

"Barbara," he cried. "Do not touch him. He is accursed. Do you not understand? That is Howard Marshall—the man that killed your father."

"Oh, my God," she cried, clutching in the air with her hands, as if she sought something to support her.

Then she turned and would have fallen to the floor, but Hugh Poindexter caught her in his arms. He was holding her thus, tenderly, when the door closed behind us.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LETTER.

For the second time within the week I was in jail. But on this occasion I endured my fate with calmness, and I hope with some degree of courage. I did not beat childishly against the walls and cry out against destiny as I had done before. I was learning. The way of the transgressor was hard, but in my case, it was wholesome.

As the night fell, I valiantly fought off the gloom, and ate with fair appetite the supper which the sheriff brought me.

It hurt me to see that the attitude of the sheriff had changed. There was no geniality in the man now. He pushed my food toward me and went away without a word. It was clear that he believed me guilty, although the man was my friend, and had fraternized with me much during the weeks just passed.

My Uncle Brentwood evidently had gone home before my arrest, and I left word that he was not to be told before morning. I wanted to let the old man have a good night's rest, without knowing how our plans had gone awry.

Judge Walker came for a moment and looked through the bars at me, and tried to give me a word of courage.

"They will not believe, now, that you meant to give yourself up tomorrow," he said. "But I have strong hopes, nevertheless. Keep up a good heart, my boy."

"Don't fear for me, judge," I said. "I am

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resigned to whatever befalls me, and something tells me that I will be acquitted."

"Good, good, Howard. A stout heart is half the battle. I come to encourage you, and you have given me a greater hope than ever.

"What I want to tell you is this," he said, before he left. "I am going to Mountain Springs tomorrow and for the rest of the week I will be there, looking up your case. I expect to be able to prove that the revolver belonged to Black. That will be a great fact in our favor. Then we will get our case together and spring a surprise on the State. The grand jury will indict you on Monday, when it convenes. Then Hugh will ask for an immediate trial. He will naturally expect us to plead for a continuance—to fight for delay. But we will fool him. We, too, will insist upon immediate trial."

After he left me—after it was dark, Barbara came.

I had not expected her, and when I heard footsteps in the jail corridor, I only wondered who was paying me a visit.

"Howard Marshall, Howard Marshall," said the dear voice, softly. "It is I—Barbara Talifero. I have something for you."

"You have a candle in there," said the sheriff, gruffly. "Please light it."

I struck a match and soon the candle was ablaze, casting weird shadows through the gloomy place.

For greater safety, being charged with the desperate crime of murder, I was locked in a steel cage, placed in one corner of the main room of the jail.

By the light of the candle I saw Barbara standing with her face against the steel bars of my cage, looking at me as I have seen some sympathetic and tender-hearted child gaze at a wild animal in a menagerie. The sheriff, like a good fellow, went across the room and sat in the outside jail window.

"Miss Talifero," I said, "why are you here?"

"I came to bring you a letter," she said. Then she turned to the sheriff. "I suppose there is no objection to my giving Mr. Smith—I mean Mr. Marshall—a letter addressed to himself. You may examine it if you care to."

"All right, Barbara," he said. "That's all right. I would have given it to him myself and saved you the trouble, if you had mentioned it."

"But this is an important letter—one that I promised to deliver with my own hand. It was written by my father."

"What's that?" he asked, coming across the room. Then he took the envelope from her hand and gazed at the address, in the well-known handwriting of Colonel Talifero.

"For Howard Marshall—to be delivered in case of my death."

"Phew," said the sheriff. "That's a mighty important letter. I wonder what is in it."

"I don't know," said Barbara. "You see the seal has not been broken."

"Perhaps I really ought to take this and give it to the prosecuting attorney. He told me to be careful that nothing was given to the prisoner."

He weighed the letter in his hand and looked at her doubtfully.

"But that wouldn't be fair to the dead," she said, "nor to the living. Father told me to give this letter to Howard Marshall, and you surely wouldn't want me to send it to Hugh, who is prosecuting him. I don't know what is in it, but it certainly cannot hurt the cause of justice, for father wrote it with his own hand the day he died. I must give it to Mr. Marshall."

"All right, then," said the sheriff, good naturedly. "Go ahead and give it to him."

"There was a message, too," said she. "Something I am to tell him. If you please."

"Certainly," he said, going back to his window again.

She pushed the letter between the bars, and when I took it she clasped my hand.

"I hope there is something in there that will clear you," she whispered. "I know you are not guilty."

"Thank God for that," I said fervently.

"Hush," she said, "not so loud. And listen. Father said that you were to have the office—he said I was to give it to you—or interest in it—or that it was to be sold—any way that might be decided between Judge Walker and yourself. Judge Walker was to represent me in the matter.' But you were to have your $1,100. You will need the money now, with which to defend yourself. Tell the judge what I have told you, and that the office is at his disposal."

"Thank you, Barbara—oh, so much. But I will not need it. My Uncle Brentwood is backing me up."

"He knows, then?"

"He has known for a week. He has faith in me. Just let the matter of the office stand. If I get clear I will talk to you about it. If I am hanged, it will not matter."

"Oh, they must not hang you," she murmured. "I will tell them you are not guilty. I can put it all together, now. I can see the whole plot of Black. I remember what you said, that day in defence of Howard Marshall, when I said I hated him and prayed that Heaven would punish him. Oh, how wicked I have been."

"You are an angel," I whispered.

"I will tell it all to Hugh. He does not like you, but he is fair and just, and he has been deceived by Black. When I explain the matter to him——"

"Barbara," I interrupted, "you must not do that. You will ruin me if you warn him. We are setting a trap for Black. Hugh would not believe you, and then he would be on guard against us. Promise me that you will say nothing about it—do not even say at present that you think I am innocent. Say nothing about the letter, or your father's conversation. I am not a lawyer, but I am sure you would injure my chances greatly if you told your mind to anybody."

I would not confess to her that I would sooner be hanged than to accept my release through the kindness of Hugh Poindexter. I could not tell her that.

"Are you sure of that?" she asked.

"Quite sure. You may ask Judge Walker. He will not be in town the rest of this week, but when the case comes up if he wants you to tell what you know, you can."

"Very well."

"Could you go into court before them all and testify in my favor, Barbara?"

"Gladly," she said, in tones of such sincerity that I could not doubt.

"And now you would better not see me again, Barbara. It will make people wonder, and it will not do me any good. It is enough for me to know that you believe in my innocence. I am happier tonight than I have been for a long time. That has been the great shadow that hung over me. It was worse than death—the fear that you would believe me guilty."

She pressed my hand, but said nothing.

"And now you would better go, Barbara. It was good of you to come."

"There was one more thing that I wanted to tell you," she whispered softly.

"Well?"

"I do not know how to begin. You see——"

"Yes, Barbara," I said encouragingly.

"I am sorry for you," she murmured.

"God bless you for it, dear girl."

"And that is not all, Howard," she whispered.

I was afraid to speak, afraid to move, lest I break the charm of that moment.

"That is not quite all, dear Howard," she said. "I pity you, and—pity is akin to love."

Her little hands trembled in mine, and her white, eager face shone against the bars like the radiant face of an angel.

"If you will shade the candle with your hand, you may kiss me, Howard. Just once more. Be quick, you goose."

She laughed happily and caught her breath.

"God be with you," she murmured. "Every night I will pray for you."

Then she was gone, and the sheriff was gone, but she left the light of all the world behind her. The old jail was no longer a gloomy place for me.

I was holding Colonel Talifero's letter in my hand when the sheriff returned, having shown Barbara to the door.

"Lights out," he said.

Then he noticed the letter, and added in a more kindly tone:

"If you want to read your letter, I can wait. I am in no particular hurry."

"I am just wondering about the letter," I said. "Spence, come over here. I want to tell you something."

He walked over near the bars of the steel cage.

"Spence, you think I'm guilty, don't you?"

"Yes," he said bluntly. "I do."

"I'm not blaming you for that. The case looks bad against me."

"Better not say anything, Marshall. I don't want you to tell me anything about the case. I might have to use it against you."

"We will not talk about the case—only indirectly. It is only about this letter. I am full of curiosity to know what is in it, as you may imagine."

"Then why don't you read it? I am waiting."

"Something tells me not to break the seal. Spence, we have been tolerably fair friends for the past few weeks. I want you to do me a favor."

"Don't ask me," he said.

"But I can't see that this is going to be in any way a violation of your duty. Let me tell you about it, and then if you don't feel that you can honorably oblige me, you may refuse.'

"Well, what is it?"

"This letter which the poor dead colonel wrote me, may contain my fate. I know something about this case that you do not, Spence. I know that I am innocent. But I don't want you to tell that. I believe that this letter contains proof of my innocence. I don't want you even to tell that, unless you are placed on the stand at the time of the trial."

"Then what in the world do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to take this letter, Spence and lock it up in your safe until Monday morning, when my lawyer comes back, and give it to him without saying anything about it to anybody. I want you to bear witness to the fact that Miss Talifero brought it in here and gave it to me, and that I have not opened it, nor tampered with it."

"Is this a trick?"

"Do you think Miss Talifero is playing a trick?" I asked indignantly. "This letter has been lying in the office safe ever since her father's death. She gave it to me, as her father told her to do, as soon as she learned that I was Howard Marshall."

"It's a funny business," he murmured.

"Come, Spence," I remonstrated. "I am not a wild beast, you know. I give you lief to tell all about how the letter came to me and how it came to you, in open court. I simply want you to keep it safe for me until court opens—just as you would keep a prisoner's watch, or his money. You can't very well refuse that, can you?"

"That looks clear enough," he admitted.

"Then you'll do that for me? You'll take the letter, and not say anything about—not even to Poindexter—and hold it safe for me until it is needed?"

"Why shouldn't Poindexter know?"

"Well, he's the prosecutor. He's against me. That is only natural. But you are simply an officer of the law, helping to promote the cause of justice. You don't want to help the guilty escape, nor make the innocent suffer. As a man and as a sheriff, you want to do the fair thing. That's my letter, and I have a natural human right to say what is to be done with it, haven't I?"

"Yes, of course. I don't see any harm in your proposal," he said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll keep the letter and say nothing about it till court meets. Then I'll not give it either to your lawyer, or the State's attorney. I'll give it to the circuit judge and tell him how it came in my hands, and what you said. Then he can dispose of it as he pleases. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, Spence. I ask nothing better than that. I give it to you on those terms. I depend upon your word to deliver it as you have said. And I thank you. You'll never be sorry."

"All right, Marshall, good-night. Blow out your candle."

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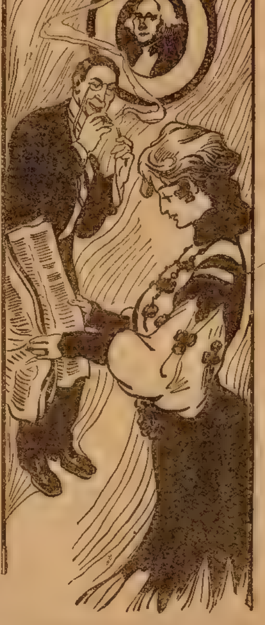

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CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER MAN DISAPPEARS.

Dan got up, waved his hat and shouted at the top of his voice. Jim heard and saw and came galloping to the spot. He threw himself from the saddle as he came up and grasped Dan's hand.

"By the powers! I never was so glad!" he cried. "I thought they had you penned up somewhere and would hold you till the D. & H. had won the fight. Tell me all about it."

Dan briefly related what had occurred, of his capture, his imprisonment in the cavern and escape.

"Of course it is the work of Purcell," declared Jim. "But thank goodness, you were lucky enough to escape, and we shall not be so easily tricked again."

"I hope not," smiled Dan. "But where were you when the rascals bowled me over and carried me away? You did not come back, and when I went to look for you I walked right into their trap."

"Oh, I had done the same," confessed Jim. "When I left you and crossed the hill where the timbers lay, some one sprang upon me, and before I knew it I had two or three on me. Well, they were too many for me, and before I had time to cry out or warn you, they had stopped my mouth and gagged me. They then carried me away some distance and put me on a horse and took me several miles out on the plains. Then I was released, after being relieved of my gun. But I managed to find my way back to where we left our horses, but not till long after daylight. The rascals had disappeared by that time, and all traces of them as well. I set out to follow the trail, and to see if I could find you, and here I am."

"It seems strange that they would release you," said Dan, "after they had taken the trouble to effect your capture."

"Oh, it wasn't me they were after," replied Jim. "You seem to be the game they were lying in wait for. But now they have slipped a cog and tipped their hand as well."

"I hardly think they will catch us napping again. But what have you done with my horse?"

"I picketed him in the ravine where you left him, and if you will hop up behind me, we'll gallop over there and then hit the trail for headquarters."

Dan swung himself up behind the saddle and they galloped away. They found Dan's horse where Jim had left him, and they were soon on their way to Maverick City.

Arriving there an amazing surprise awaited them.

Henry Blurton had disappeared!

Whither, no one could tell.

Phil and his companion had returned to Maverick City about seven in the morning. Phil went directly to his father's office, but there was no one there. A couple of overturned chairs gave silent evidences of a struggle, but that was all.

Phil was greatly distressed and filled with alarm.

"It is the work of Bennett Purcell!" declared Dan. "Mr. Blurton has been kidnaped," and he proceeded to relate his own adventures.

"Yes, I see it all plainly," agreed Phil. "They plotted to get you and father out of the way. What shall we do? What can we do?"

"Let me think a moment," said Jim Dorsey. "I don't think they will go so far as to harm him," he went on. "They will merely hold him a prisoner in some secluded place. We must search for him. We must put our best men on the trail." He turned to Dan. "It might be possible that they took him to the same place where you were held. Can you find the place?"

"I am afraid I can't," Dan responded regretfully. "I was completely bewildered when I came out of the cavern, and about all I thought of just then was to get away as quickly as possible. But we can try."

"There is much to be done," broke in Phil, "and this is a sad calamity that they have brought on us. We must leave Dan at the office here to direct affairs while the search is going on."

"That's right," Dan agreed. "We must not allow Purcell to profit by his schemes. But first I'll go with a party of searchers and try to locate the cavern."

They made a careful inspection of the office, but could gain no further clue than the evidences that Mr. Blurton had been abducted. He had been seen in his office at nine in the evening by the operator, but no one had been seen to enter, and there was absolutely no clue as to the identity of the abductors.

"I don't think they will dare harm Mr. Blurton," declared Jim. "They want to get him out of the way, so the best thing we can do is to get to work and foil their plans."

"We are now about ready to move on their works," replied Dan, "and while you are conducting the search for Mr. Blurton, I'll throw a little bomb into their fortifications."

CHAPTER XVII.

DAN MAKES A MOVE.

For the next three days Dan was busy, while Jim Dorsey and Phil, with a score of men under their directions, were conducting an unsuccessful search for Mr. Blurton.

Early one morning the D. & H. met with a surprise. Throughout the length of the road were found posted notices that fairly took away the breath of the amazed Aaron Dock, and caused his ruddy face to take on an ashen hue. Again and again he read the notice which ran:

> IMPORTANT TO LABORERS!
>
> In order to secure the necessary force to complete its line to Holdup in the shortest possible time, the B. C. & G. Railroad Company will pay $5.00 a day for laborers, and for teams and drivers $10.00 per day of 8 hours! Work will go on day and night! Three sets of hands—teams, shovelers, scraperholders, trackmen and all the necessary force to carry on the work will be given constant employment till the line is completed!
>
> Every person who works for the B. C. & G. will be paid in cash at the close of each day's work!
>
> All who come within the next two days will be given employment at the above rate till the line is completed!
>
> Come early and avoid the rush!
>
> THE B. C. & G. RAILROAD CO.,
> per Dan Danford, General Manager.

That evening Bennett Purcell arrived at Big Creek station, and when a copy of the above notice was placed in his hands by Aaron Dock, the president of the D. & H. swore a long and bitter oath, while his ruddy face gradually assumed an ashy hue.

"What can we do?" asked Dock.

"Do!" gasped Purcell. "There is nothing to do! I am ruined! By tomorrow the D. & H. will be deserted."

"I am afraid you are right, unless something can be done to stop this stampede," remarked Dock.

"But what can be done to accomplish this?" swore Purcell. "If we let the men go it means ruin; if we meet the advance it means the same thing. We are between the devil and the deep sea."

He got up and paced the room restlessly. Then he took the paper Dock had given him and ran his eyes over it again.

As he did so his face paled and his hand shook.

"Who is this Dan Danford, whose name is signed to the notice?" he asked.

"That is the great mystery of the whole business," replied Dock. "He is a young fellow, a mere boy, but he seems to be the mysterious power that has lifted the B. C. & G. out of the ditch."

"But who is he?" repeated Purcell. "Where is he from and where in the name of the devil did he get the money he is putting up?"

"That, like his identity, is a mystery," replied Dock. "It was he, it seems, who sent the B. C. & G. stocks to the sky in New York, and it is he who has been at the bottom of the whole business ever since."

Purcell was silent.

The name of Danford kept repeating itself in his brain. Could it be that this was a relative of Basil Danford?

The very thought sent the color from the magnet's cheek.

"It must be," he muttered under his breath. "It must be the son of Basil Danford who came to Mexico. I must ask Newson."

He put on his hat and left the office.

He found Bill Newson on the square, and calling him aside, asked:

"Who is Dan Danford?"

"The power behind Blurton—the boy phenomenon—the wizard of unlimited gold," replied Bill.

"But who is he? Where did he come from and what in the name of the devil and Tom Walker is he up to?"

"Mr. Purcell," said Bill, slowly, "you will remember a man by the name of Danford, who used to be in business in Mexico?"

"I do," responded Purcell with an oath. "But what has this boy to do with Basil Danford?"

"If I mistake not he is Basil Danford's son."

"Great heavens! Is it possible?"

"I am convinced that it is so. I ain't no prophet, but I think that little bizness we transacted in Mexico is the cause of all this trouble we are having now."

"Then you think that this is Basil Danford's son, and he is doing this to revenge himself?"

"It looks powerfully that way to me."

The pallor on the face of Purcell went to his very lips.

His hand trembled as he wiped the cold perspiration from his brow.

"But—where in the name of heaven did he get the money he is using in this business?"

"A good many have asked the same question," replied Bill. "He has upset the wisest sharps of Wall street, and puzzled the oldest heads among the speculators. It was a bad day for us when that young scamp escaped from the cavern where we had him safe."

"It was the very worst thing that could have happened," swore Purcell. "But we still have Blurton where he can do no harm, or has he also escaped?"

"Not on your life," said Bill. "We'll keep the bird safe enough, and if we can run the other one in we'll have the whole outfit on the bum."

"Can it be managed?" asked Purcell, his face brightening.

"Sure thing."

But even as he spoke a messenger came hastily on the scene. He drew a soiled piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Purcell, who unfolded it with nervous fingers. He riveted his eyes on the rude scrawl, the color receding from his face.

A bitter oath escaped him, and he leaned against a hitching post for support.

"What is it?" cried Bill. "What's gone wrong?"

For answer Purcell threw the bit of paper to Newson, who took it up and read:

"The prizner is ascapt. LOOP."

A moment later Bill and Purcell were hurrying in the direction of the office.

Already they were hatching a desperate scheme.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE LAST DITCH.

Dan Danford had not been idle, and Bart Bernard, the detective, moved on the trail of the abductors of the railroad president with the keen scent of a bloodhound.

That he would be successful in his search for the missing Blurton Dan had but little doubt, and he went forward with every detail of the business, determined not to let matters lag during the president's absence, giving all the aid he could in the meantime to the detective in the search.

One evening, just after dark, as Dan sat in his office, Bernard, the detective entered, accompanied by a man with a bushy red beard. The stranger approached Dan and held out his hand.

Dan took the extended hand, casting a puzzled look into the stranger's face.

"This is an old friend of mine," broke in the detective. "I think you ought to know him."

"The face looks familiar," said Dan, "but I cannot call the name just now."

"Then I shall have to introduce him," smiled Bernard. As the detective spoke he stepped forward and drew the false beard from the visitor's face.

"Why, bless my soul, it's Mr. Blurton!" cried Dan in delight.

"Sure thing," laughed the detective, while the railroad president grasped Dan's hand in a warm grasp. "I think the disguise will do. We didn't want the Purcell gang to catch on to the fact that Mr. Blurton had returned as he wanted to give them a little surprise when the right time comes."

"It seems as if Dan hasn't left much for me to do," laughed Blurton. "It looks as if he were more than equal to the whole Purcell force."

"I have done my best," replied Dan. "I have tried to carry out your plans, and now that you have returned, we can soon make a finish of the whole business."

"It certainly looks that way," agreed Blurton. "They will hardly try the kidnaping scheme again, I think."

"I hope they have got enough of that," said Dan. "It seems as if they bagged us both about the same time. Did they take you to a cavern in the woods?"

"Yes, but first to a cabin." And Blurton went on to give an account of his adventures since his capture and abduction. "I was surprised to learn from Mr. Bernard that you had also been in the hands of the same gang," he added, turning to Dan, "and I have no doubt that we were both taken to the same place."

"It appears so," nodded Dan. "But it seems that they managed to keep us in separate chambers."

The detective then gave an account of his search for Blurton, and of his discovery of the cabin in the woods, where he met Loop. He had made the hermit's acquaintance, and suspecting he was the one who had held Dan as a prisoner, he succeeded in compelling him to confess. Blurton was then brought from the cabin and released, and Loop sent out word that the prisoner had escaped.

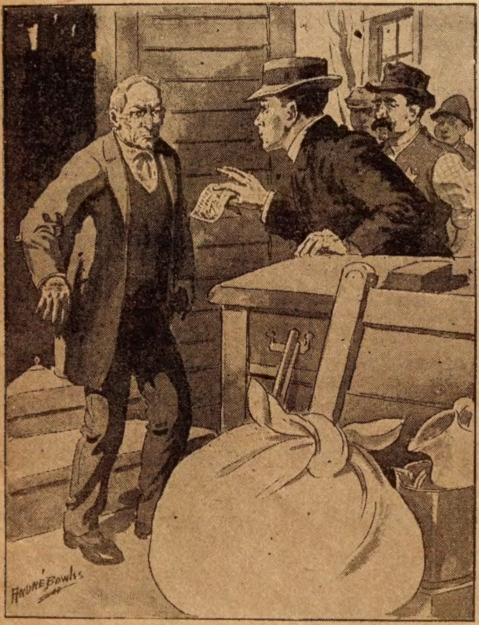
For the next few days Blurton and Dan were kept busy, and gradually they drew the entire working force from the D. & H., and it was easy to see the end.

Work on the B. C. & G. was pushed with tireless energy, and in a short time the track was laid into Lame Dog.

It was then that Purcell's last hope left him.

On the day of the road's triumphal entry into Lame Dog he came to the office of Henry Blurton.

His face was haggard, and there was a look of despair upon his countenance.



"If that will help you I will be glad!"

"Well, you have won and I am ruined," he said to Blurton.

"I should have been ruined if you had succeeded," replied Blurton. "And but for the help that came from a friend, I should now be penniless."

"And that friend is a mere boy?" said Purcell. "Who is he, and what imp of Satan ever sent him to ruin me?"

"I shall let him speak for himself," replied Blurton, and at a signal, Dan Danford entered from an adjoining room.

Purcell cast a quick startled glance at the youth as he came in, and then he sank into a chair, his face pale to the lips.

"Who are you and why have you sought to ruin me?" he gasped.

"Mr. Purcell," said Dan, "this is the first time we have ever met. You ask who I am. I am the son of Basil Danford!"

An inarticulate gasp came from Purcell, and his breath came heavily.

"It is not necessary to tell you more," Dan went on. "It was the blood of my father that cried for vengeance. That is not all. You were planning the ruin of my father's friend, Mr. Blurton, and in helping him out of his trouble, I saw a chance to wreak vengeance on the man who had hounded my father to his death and robbed him of all his possessions."

To this Purcell made no reply, and rising, he staggered from the room.

So the great war between the D. & H. and the B. C. & G. came to an end. Purcell was ruined, and his road was never finished. The B. C. & G. is now a branch of one of the great railroad systems of the country, and the stormy days of its building have passed into history.

Jim Dorsey is the owner of a large ranch in Colorado, and thither Dan often repairs to spend a few weeks among the hills and valleys, fishing and hunting and enjoying the companionship of his old friend.

Though one of the richest boys in the world, Dan Danford leads a simple life, and is always ready and willing to relieve the needy and help the poor.

Once, when on a visit to New York, Dan was attracted by seeing an officer removing some household goods from a cottage in Harlem. The owner of the goods, a man with streaks of gray in his hair and a haggard look on his face, sat with bowed head while the officer executed the order of ejectment.

As Dan glanced into the face of the old man he recognized the unfortunate as Bennett Purcell.

The ex-railroad magnate glanced at the youth who had stopped before him, and instantly he recognized Dan. A flush came to his face, and he rose tremblingly.

"So you have come round to mock me, have you?" he said. "Well, you are welcome, if it will do you any good."

"You are mistaken if you think I have any pleasure in your distress," said Dan. He drew out a checkbook and wrote a check and handed it to the amazed Purcell. It was for a thousand dollars.

"If that will help you I shall be glad," Dan said, and then before the amazed Purcell could utter a word, he was gone.

For a long time the ex-railroad magnate stood looking at the check in a half stupefied manner then the tears came into his eyes and he bowed his head muttering:

"And to think that this should come from Basil Danford's son! My God! Is it a dream?"

And for a long time he sat with bowed head, and let us hope that at that moment he realized that there is something else in life that is better than gold.

In next week's Ledger another thrilling and remarkable story will appear, called "The Boy Who Dared; or, General Washington's Young Spy." Do not miss it. You will find it intensely interesting.

The end.

Taken for Bridegroom.

"A fellow's just about up against it when he has to answer for the things he does and the things he isn't guilty of, too," remarked a big chap who looked young and good-natured in spite of his five years of connubial life.

"Been accused of being an embezzler or a poet or something?" inquired the man with the sad optics at his right, sympathetically.

"No, not as bad as the poet proposition," said the big fellow, "but bad enough. Eight men in the smoker took me for a bridegroom. Wouldn't that just about parch your throat? And me married for the last five years and spending my time raising two youngsters. They would not believe me when I denied the facts as set forth and alleged, either.

"I was coming home from the East the other day, the first trip my wife and I have had since the kids got big enough to leave behind. I went into the smoker after we had been on the train three or four hours, or, rather, I started in. Then I got to thinking it was mean to go away and leave my wife alone when it was our first trip together, and I came back to our seat. But my wife said she would just as soon read anyhow, and insisted on me going on away for my smoke if I wanted to. So I did.

"I had just lighted up when some cynical looking cuss with a seegar clenched between his teeth, looked me over in a quasi-fatherly way and asked me, 'Well, neighbor, how do you like it as far as you've gone?'

"I didn't just catch what he was getting at, and I told him I thought the vegetation looked even better than when I went over the road the last time.

"Then the whole crowd of 'em laughed like a bunch of uncaged idiots and got off a lot of talk about 'when they were married.'

"'I don't just know why you should bring up the marriage proposition to a man that's been through five years of it already without a break,' I remarked to them, but they all laughed again.

"'The way I knew you'd just been married,' said one big fat one, ignoring my remarks, 'was the way you've been trying to act unconcerned—leaving your wife to come in here and smoke and all that sort of thing. That's the way you spot 'em nowadays. It ain't just the handholdin' couples that 've recently been hooked together.'

"I didn't argue after that. What was the use? But I'm going to take my whole family on my next trip so I can defend myself."

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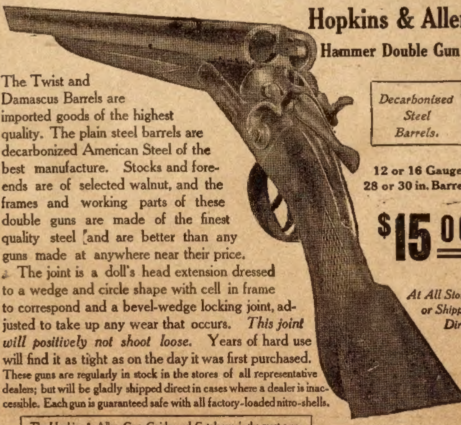

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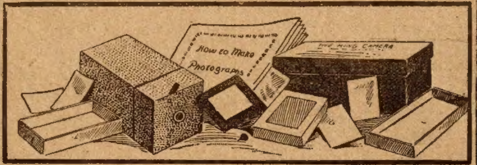

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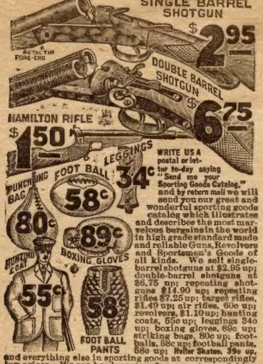

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Their Haunting Secrets.

(Continued from page seven.)

in the eyes of your mother-in-law?"

"All right, I'll be on hand," replied Mark, as he sped away to the east wing where his wife was a prisoner.

Directly he heard footsteps, and his mother's voice.

"I was unable to find the dear boy, but I think he must be with Aggie. He is very fond of her," Mrs. Kirby was saying, in a high key.

She unlocked the door as she spoke.

It was a pitiful sight upon which the two women looked.

The maniac bride was sauntering from side to side of her room, trailing a bouquet, which she had tied to a string. The apex of the nosegay was a peony, glowing in the center of a circle of snowballs.

The crazed brain was affected with hobbies. Just now, botany was the subject that engaged her fancy, and an open book, "The Language of Flowers" lay upon the table.

She was amusing herself by trailing the bouquet in sinuous lines, varying the sport by jerking it from the floor, her idiotic laugh ringing out a mournful sound to the mother who loved her.

"My dear Mark, I wish you to harness up and drive me to the street, right away."

Mrs. Gilmore made the request in a tone of command.

"Certainly, certainly," returned Mark briskly, glad to be relieved from his enforced attendance upon Aggie, and certain that their destination was the office of Titus Rudd, attorney.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FATEFUL DRIVE.

A mile distant from Mapledale was located Garland Centre, a sleepy village at all times except when court was in session.

Here were the courthouse, three churches, an academy, the county jail, two hotels, three country stores, and some forty residences, the latter mostly old-time mansions. There were half a dozen modern structures, with airy verandas and ornamental balconies, but these were upon the outskirts, along the several highways, verging from the main street.

Two roads ran through the entire length of the village in parallel lines, skirting the paled lawns of the residences on the right and left.

Between these roads, and in the center of the street was a broad common, shaded with magnificent elms, the growth of a century, and beneath their shadows the military drill was performed at the annual "regimental trainings."

Very quiet was Garland Centre, or "Garland street" as it was usually called, and very aristocratic, for here dwelt many of the magnates.

Although five miles from a railway station, its dullness was broken, at morning and evening, by the arrival and departure of the stage coach, which made trips between Garland and Cliffville, a thrifty and overgrown borough where more than a score of cotton mills sent forth the hum of spindles and the click of shuttles above the clatter in the busy streets.

The first tenement-house had been erected in Cliffville scarcely twenty-five years prior to the date of our story. Another twelve-month and it would be incorporated as a city, while to Garland Centre, that could boast of residences erected prior to the Revolution, time had brought but few changes.

A long, rambling building stood midway the street, actually two stories in height, but appearing squatty by reason of the broad, flat piazza hanging low over the two front entrances, and rendering the inn waitingroom gloomy, even upon a sunny morning.

For years Andrew Barlow had been the landlord where the stage stopped, and he divided the custom of regular boarders and transients with the Garland House across the way, a more pretentious establishment, whose landlord served the double office of Boniface and jailer, for just in the rear of the hotel, and at a distance of a few yards, the county jail rose, gray and grim, the grated windows of its upper story barely peeping above the iron spikes bristling along the top of the high plank palisade enclosing the prison yard.

The dark, moss-grown stone walls and seasoned timbers were in striking contrast to the glaring white paint and green shutters of the hotel.

The road leading to Mapledale turned here at a sharp angle, and plunged down a steep hill, running along an embankment not more than forty feet in width, with an offset on either side of fully fifteen feet.

Once upon a time this offset had been guarded by a strong railing, but now only a few decayed posts broken off near the ground, marked the line where the railing had been.

Careful drivers usually drove down the hill at a leisurely pace, as it was considered a dangerous portion of the highway, and Aunt Huldah frequently bemoaned the plagued carelessness of the folks, but no steps had been taken for remedying the matter. What was everybody's business was nobody's in particular, and jail hill was left unguarded.

Although Mrs. Gilmore had intended to visit Titus Rudd's office during the morning hours, her intention had been frustrated. Aggie was seized with a paroxysm, and it was not until after the dinner hour that Mark harnessed Crazy Sall to the chaise and drove with his mother-in-law to Garland Centre.

The will was a somewhat complicated document that taxed the attorney's brain, and the gnarled apple trees were casting grotesque shadows across the dusty road as the light vehicle bowled at break-neck pace past the jail and turned into the road leading to Mapledale.

For fully a quarter of a mile, the road was visible from the top of the hills, as it wound into the hollow, a level, dusty strip, where it was lost to view for a few rods, to appear again as it wound under the bluff upon the left, and above an abrupt slope upon the right, a point from which the village of Mapledale could be seen across the intervening green meadows.

A half-dozen farmhouses were scattered along the mile of highway as a connecting link between the two villages.

As the chaise dashed rapidly down the hill, a man, club-footed and lame, stumped leisurely across the street, halted in the middle of the highway and looked curiously down the hill.

"What are you looking at, Frank?" called a shoemaker from his door at the corner. "You had gawp-seed for dinner, I guess."

"I was lookin' after that chaise that's streakin' it down hill, like all-possessed."

"If the folks in the team don't care, it's none o' my business," returned Luther Carr. "Do you know who it is?"

Notwithstanding his denial of interest, he had crossed the road, and was gazing down the hill, his hand arched above his brow.

"It's Mark Kirby. I saw him driving away from Titus Rudd's office a minute or two ago," answered Frank Harmon.

"Well, all I've got to say is that he'll get his neck broke one o' these days a drivin' down jail hill at that rate. I wonder what the mischief makes him so reckless, but it's small loss, and if he likes it, I don't care."

"He's got old lady Gilmore along. Seems to me she ought to know better," commented Frank.

Luther Carr looked uneasily after the carriage that had reached the most dangerous portion of the way, and lurched suddenly.

"A runaway!" he shouted.

"A runaway! A runawa-a-ay!" echoed Frank in a stentorian yell, that brought half a dozen boarders from the Garland House piazza, among them Doctor Lisle, who was whiffing his after tea cigar.

"They'll be over the offset before they reach the bottom of the hill!"

"They'll be killed!"

"It's Mark Kirby!"

"There he goes; he jumps like a monkey. The lines are torn from his hands!" shouted the spectators in a breath.

Even while the cries sounded, the horse frightened and unmanageable, shied and jumped down the embankment.

"Merciful God! Mrs. Gilmore is in that carriage! I saw her as they passed the house!" exclaimed Landlord Fulton of the Garland House, as he ran down the hill followed by a crowd that had collected from shop and barroom.

Doctor Lisle, with all his professional instinct aroused, outstripped the fleetest.

His worst fears were realized. The chaise lay a heap of splinters, fifteen feet below the road-bed. Beneath the crushed ribs and leather of the hood, Mrs. Gilmore was pinned. It was Doctor Lisle's slender hand that raised the heavy weight, drew the soft cushion from beneath the wheel-hub and placed it under her head, spreading his own coat as a protection against the coarse grass.

She was moaning faintly, while a few yards down the hill, Mark sat upon a stone nursing a sprained ankle.

The horse, to which the broken thills were still attached, was lying with its head doubled beneath its body. Crazy Sall would cause no more accidents; her neck was broken.

Willing hands removed the debris, and Doctor Lisle made a hasty examination, finding a broken hip and that there were internal injuries, besides numerous bruises about the face and hands. Above the fractured bone was a severe cut from which the blood was flowing, and he hastily improvised a tourniquet.

After he had done all that was possible for the safety of his patient, he aided in placing her in a wagon, in the easiest position, while Mark climbed to the seat beside the driver, and at a slow pace the party proceeded, the doctor walking beside the conveyance, and casting many an anxious glance at the patient, whose condition he considered extremely dangerous. In that hour of need all that was best in the young physician rose above the veneer of foppishness. The dandy was merged in the self-reliant practitioner.

Next week's Ledger will present the reader with further developments in this highly interesting story. We advise you to read it to the end. Do you take the Ledger regularly? You ought to do so, as it is acknowledged to be one of the most interesting papers printed in America. For a year's subscription we send fifty-two copies of the Ledger and six fine patterns free or one of our King Cameras. Note our premium adverisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A Real Friend.

"Red" Wright was a man of quick and furious temper, while Jim Donovan was as calm and unemotional as his partner was violent.

The two prospectors were cooking breakfast in their mountain camp one morning when the coffee pot happened to be "Red's" particular charge. The bacon, under Donovan's supervision, was almost done, so "Red" sat the coffee pot on the fire for a final boil. One of the sticks burned in two and the pot upset. "Red" flew into a rage, and, jumping for the coffee pot, he kicked it from one end of the camp to the other, and back again. Donovan watched him with calm interest, and when "Red's" fury had expended itself Donovan pulled his six shooter and filled the coffee pot full of holes.

"By gracious, man!" cried "Red," wringing his hands. "What did you do that for? We can't make no more coffee!"

"Do you think I'm going to stand here and see a son-of-a-gun of a coffee pot get the best of a friend of mine?" demanded Donovan as he returned to his bacon.

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A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

BY MRS. E. H. HOUGH.

"You won't be gone long, will you, Frank?"

"About two weeks, I suppose, pet. I cannot fix the exact date of my return."

"Two weeks!" pouted his young wife. "And last summer it was three months! It seems as if you were leaving me all the time!"

"Tut, tut! you foolish child! you had me home all winter. If I transact this business satisfactorily, I have a prospect of being admitted as a member of the firm; and then my fortune is made. Good-by; I must not miss the train!" And in another minute, despite her frantic appeal for one more embrace, he was gone, and she collapsed on the sofa in a torrent of tears.

"There is going to be an end to this!" she exclaimed at last, sitting up and wiping her eyes. "Frank does not go on another trip unless I go too. I might as well not be married at all, if I am to spend half my time alone!"

Several days passed with no news from Frank, save what could be scribbled on a postal card, that he was "well and busy."

"Humph!" was Mrs. Clayton's disparaging comment. "That is all he can write me! On a postal, too, for everybody to read! That doesn't look as if he thought very much about me!"

The next mail brought a letter from her mother, opening which disclosed a sheet of paper wrapped around another envelope. The paper contained the closing words: "I enclose a letter delivered here yesterday, addressed as you see, to your maiden name, and doubtless from some friend of yours who has not heard of your marriage."

Laying aside the sheet, Mrs. Clayton broke the seal of the letter addressed to "Miss Marjorie Howard," at her home. She read it through once in silence; then her cheek flushed and paled alternately; and as if to convince herself of its reality, she read it aloud:

"My Dear Marjorie.—I am home at last from my three years' foreign trip, and am about to embark upon another voyage—matrimony—on the 16th instant. The happy man is a Mr. Frank Clayton—a widower, but never mind that! tall, dark, handsome, and distinguished; my four pet qualifications for a husband. I met him in Liverpool last summer, while he was there on a business trip, and the attraction was instantaneous and mutual. We kept the matter secret for awhile, as his financial prospects were not very brilliant, and mamma has a foolish prejudice against long engagements; but he is doing so much better now, that we ventured to divulge our precious secret, and not only obtained forgiveness, but the promise of an immediate wedding. The wedding will be very quiet, but I want you to be sure and come, so that you may be delightfully jealous over my good fortune, and so that I may give you the scolding I am holding in reserve, for not writing to me during my long absence from home. Your loving MAISIE."

"P. S.—Mr. Clayton will not be here until the afternoon of the wedding, so you will have no chance to fall in love with him and try to steal his heart away from me."

The letter dropped from Marjorie's hand. Every detail of it served to identify the prospective bridegroom with her absent and recreant husband; she was sure, now, that he had deserted her. He had been at Liverpool the previous summer; and Maisie's personal description would have answered for his portrait.

"I might have known it!" she sobbed hysterically, "when he was so willing to leave me last summer—and our honeymoon scarcely over. And the artful wretch passed himself off as a widower. But he has overreached himself this time. I will attend that wedding—oh, yes!—expose him to Maisie, who will dismiss him with scorn, and then I'll get a divorce! He will find how easy it is to run away from his lawful wife and commit bigamy!"

She was in a fine frenzy by this time, and began her preparations, jamming such things as she decided to take helter-skelter into a dress-suit case; then dressing for the journey, astonished the servant by appearing at the dining-room door with the announcement:

"Never mind about cooking any dinner today, Martha. Get me a cup of coffee and a piece of toast; I am going away for a day or two. Take care of the house." And hastily swallowing the coffee, and about half the thin slice of toast, she was off before the girl could ask a question. She reached the depot just as a train was starting; and taking a seat as far away from the other passengers as possible, drew her veil over her face to hide her tears.

She had telegraphed to Maisie that she was coming; and on reaching the station she found her friend waiting with her brother and a carriage. Maisie embraced her rapturously, and had so much to tell her that she failed to notice her silence and dejection. Marjorie listened in an abstracted manner, trembling inwardly, whenever she thought of the denouement to come. She had decided to defer her contemplated disclosure until the proper point in the marriage service—which crisis seemed the most appropriate time for visiting retributive justice upon her recreant husbar '

Pleading the fatigue of travel, she retired early; and as the first feeling of excited indignation wore off, and a sense of utter loneliness came over her, the burden of grief and desolation seemed too great to bear, as she lay through the long, weary hours of a sleepless night.

A violent headache served as an excuse for keeping her room until the hour for the ceremony, next day; and when at last she was summoned, she slipped into the parlor and took the most secluded seat she could find, waiting in trembling expectancy for the fateful moment. When the door opened and the bridal pair came forward to where the minister stood, Marjorie raised her eyes to scan the face of her runaway husband. The next instant she shrank back with a stifled cry; for the happy bridegroom, although "tall, dark, handsome and distinguished" was not Frank Clayton, her runaway husband. There was no time for explanations now, however; Maisie was married in traveling costume; and there was only time after the ceremony for her to kiss her friend and whisper: "Isn't he splendid? Don't you envy me?" before she was borne away to the waiting carriage.

As for Marjorie's feelings, they could better be imagined than described. She had been away from home two days; had taken the journey in secret; and had further complicated matters by concealing from her friends the fact that she was married. Now suppose Frank should return home in the interim and find her missing!

There was no train for home until the next morning; and how she managed to live through that night, Marjorie never quite understood. She started off at the earliest moment; and after what seemed interminable delays, once more stood in front of her own home. Ascending the steps she was about to ring the bell, when the door opened, and Martha, with her hat and shawl on, and a bundle in her hand, stood before her.

"Sure and are ye back, ma'am!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," gasped Marjorie. "Has he—has Mr. Clayton returned?"

"Sure he has, ma'am, and gone again! and I'll not stay here another night! What with the missis away an' the master tearin' around like mad, an' then goin' off, is enough to drive a girl distracted!"

"Don't leave me, Martha!" pleaded Marjorie, holding out an imploring hand. "I feel so ill! but it will be all right now!" Then not waiting to note the effect of her appeal, she pushed on to the sitting room and sank limply upon a sofa.

"Oh! I've done it! I've done it! my foolish jealousy has sent him from me forever! Oh, Frank! Frank! how shall I live without you!"

She had heard no one enter; but at that moment a voice greeted her ear.

"Well, this is mysterious! five minutes ago this room was empty! I would like an explanation!" And with a wild shriek, Marjorie sprang up and threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, Frank! you don't know!—you don't know!" she began hysterically.

"I most certainly don't! I come home to find you non est, and after searching the house in vain, find you here, indulging in this dramatic exhibition. What does it mean?"

"Read this!" sobbed Marjorie, pulling out the fatal letter. Frank complied; then overcome by the drollery of the situation, burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ah! I enlightened, indeed! Of course this jealous little woman went off posthaste to forbid the bans. Is that it?"

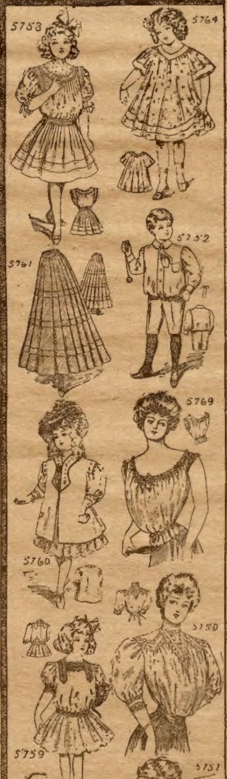
"Yes!" sobbed Marjorie, her face still on his shoulder.

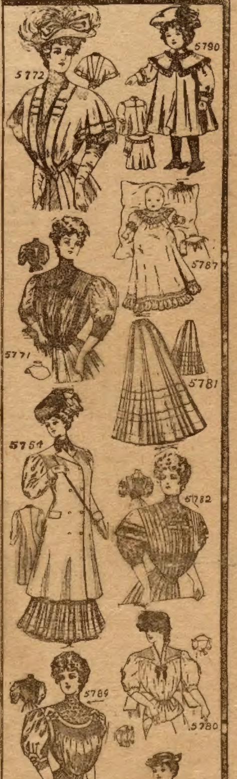
"And how did the guilty wretch look?"

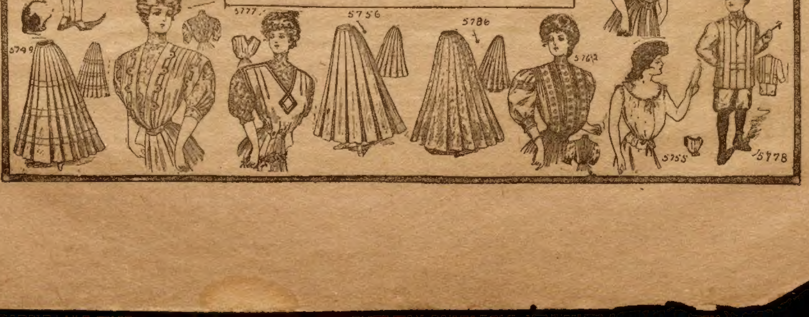
"Oh, Frank! he wasn't half as handsome as you are!" exploded Marjorie; and then she told her story; Frank comforting her between his fits of merriment.

"That was 'Much Ado About Nothing.' Martha supposed I had left the house, when I had only gone back upstairs. And now that this terrible mystery is so happily solved, you must write to Maisie, confess that you are a married woman, and invite her here, that I may ask my namesake how he happened to be in Liverpool at the same time I was, and mix up my domestic affairs in this way. I thought to surprise you by coming home two days in advance; but this has been a mutual surprise."

Marjorie became calm enough after a while to write to her friend; and the happy couple made her a visit on their return from the wedding tour. Each, however, remained firmly convinced that her husband was best entitled to the description in Maisie's letter; but Marjorie was effectually cured of any tendency to experience real troubles by conjuring up imaginary ones.







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The dress consists of the yokes and the skirt portion that is cut with front and back. There are full sleeves that are gathered into bands.

No. 5790—Child's Coat with Cape, 2, 4 and 6 Years.
The coat consists of the fronts and back of the yoke, and the fronts and backs of the coat. These are joined and the cape is arranged over them while the collar is joined to the neck edge.

No. 5776—Boy's Norfolk Suit, 8 to 12 Years.
The suit consists of the jacket and the knickerbockers and is very pretty.

No. 5771—Fancy Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 Bust.
The waist is made with combined tucked and plain portions and is cut out at the neck so that it can be worn with or without the chemisette.

No. 5777—Over Blouse with Belt, 32 to 40 Bust.
This is a beautiful over waist and a great favorite.

No. 5789—Fancy Tucked Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 Bust.
Very pretty and desirable.

No. 5762—Fancy Tucked Blouse, 32 to 42 Bust.
The waist is made with front and backs. The front is laid in full length tucks that are turned in opposite directions to simulate the box plaits and in groups between these of graduated depth.

No. 5751—Blouse with Over Waist, 32 to 40 Bust.
One of our finest patterns.

No. 5750—Lingerie Blouse, 32 to 42 Bust.
The blouse is made with front and back portions, which are gathered and joined to the yoke, the closing being made invisibly at the back.

No. 5780—House Jacket, 32 to 40 Bust.
The jacket is made with the full fronts which are attached to the pointed yoke, and a plain back. It can be gathered at the waist line and finished with a belt or can be adjusted by means of a belt of ribbon as in this instance.

No. 5754—Three-Quarter Coat, 34 to 42 Bust.
A fashionable and serviceable garment.

No. 5781—Seven Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist.
The skirt is made with seven gores and is laid in three tucks at each seam, those at the back meeting at the centre where the closing is made invisibly.

No. 5786—Nine Gored Plaited Skirt, 22 to 32 Bust.
The skirt is made in nine gores and the plaits are all turned backward while they effectually conceal the seams.

No. 5756—Nine Gored Box Plaited Walking Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist.
The skirt is cut in nine gores and is laid in box plaits, the edges of which meet at the upper portion and which effectually conceal the seams. The plaits are stitched flat over the hips.

No. 5759—Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 Years.
The waist is made with the front and backs. The backs are plain but the fronts have a tuck at each shoulder edge.

No. 5782—Fancy Blouse Waist, 32 to 40 Bust.
The blouse is made with a fitted lining on which the yoke, the front and the back are arranged.

No. 5755—Misses' Corset Cover, 14 and 16 Years.
The corset cover is made with the fronts and the back and it is finished with hems at the front edges and is drawn up at both waist line and the neck.

No. 5749—Straight Plaited Walking Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist.
Fine for fall and winter use.

No. 5772—Fancy Kimono Coat with Vestee, 34 to 42 Bust.
The coat is made with fronts, side-fronts, back and side-backs, the sleeves being cut in one with the side-front and side-back portions.

No. 5764—Girl's One-Piece Dress, 2 to 6 Years.
The dress is made of one piece, the sleeve portions being in one with it and is gathered at its upper edge and joined to the yoke.

No. 5753—Girl's Over Waist Dress, 6 to 12 Years.
The dress is made with waist and skirt. The waist consists of the front and backs which are tucked and joined to a yoke.

No. 5752—Boy's Blouse Suit, 4 to 12 Years.
The blouse suit is the favorite for the active boys and seems never to lose its popularity.

No. 5761—Misses' Nine Gored Plaited Skirt, 14 to 16 Years.
This skirt it cut in nine gores and is laid in backward-turning plaits that are over-lapped at the upper edge.

No. 5760—Girl's Three-Quarter Coat, 6 to 12 Years.
The coat is distinctly novel.

No. 5769—Jumper Corset Cover, 34 to 44 Bust.
The corset cover is made simply with front and back.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

SINCE BABY CAME.

We've got a baby. Since it came
There's not a single thing the same.
I act just like I did before,
But no one loves me any more,
I guess I'd better run away,
I might as well, for if I stay
Who'll know or care? Perhaps a year
Will pass before they even hear.
I'll take the things I like the best,
My Sunday tie, my velvet vest,
The spotted eggs and bluebird's nest,
The autumn leaves that mother pressed,
The rabbit skin that father dressed.
All these I'll take and go out West.
I ought to start, but O, the sky
Is dark today and very high!
Still, after all, I guess I'll wait
For father by the garden gate,
He'll maybe rough my hair and say:
"Well, well, my boy! How goes the day?
You're big enough to make it pay."
O dear! I wish he'd come, though he
May never even notice me—
And yet I guess I'll wait and see.

A Pea Party.

It was out in the country when little Ted's birthday came and the children begged for something new, something different from any other party.

The mother, always equal to any desires expressed by her young hopefuls, cast her eyes over the garden and exclaimed: "I have it." She immediately issued notes ornamented with a bright green peapod at the top of the page asking the neighboring children to come to a "pea-party" on the day and date mentioned.

Here is what they found. A great tin pan filled with peas which were shelled by the expectant guests. Then each took a small bowlful of peas and a bunch of toothpicks. Directions were given to make whatever articles they wished. Sewing tables were provided for the little architects, and it was surprising the variety of things they built in the allotted time.

There were ladders, chairs, hairpins, furniture of all descriptions, dolls, animals enough to stock a farm and queer contraptions without any names. The refreshments were nut sandwiches, jelly, with whipped cream, individual birthday cakes, each with a tiny lighted candle delighted the small guests immensely.

Floating Matches.

In a basin of water float a number of matches, arranging them so that the heads are turned toward the center, as are the spokes of a wheel. Leave a little space in the very center.

Into this place dip a piece of soap. Immediately the matches will move away from it toward the sides of the basin.

On the other hand, if you will dip in the space a large lump of sugar, the matches will be attracted and will move toward it.

Saved Her Father.

Sir John Cochrane, being engaged in Argyle's rebellion against James II., was taken prisoner after a desperate resistance and sentenced to be hanged. His daughter, Grizzle, having obtained information that the death warrant was expected from London by the coach, dressed herself in man's clothes, and twice attacked and robbed between Belford and Berwick the mail which conveyed the death warrants.

This gave time to Sir John Cochrane's father, the Earl of Dundonald, to make interest with Father Peter, a Jesuit priest, and the King's confessor, who, for the sum of 5,000 pounds, arranged to intercede with his royal master in favor of Sir John, and to obtain his pardon, which was granted.

BABY'S STARS.

The sun may rise, the sun may set,
The stars may come and go,
The moon may sink
'Neath ocean's brink,
The sky with clouds o'erflow.

But still within the baby's heaven
Two stars shine clear above,
Twin orbs that light
By day and night
His little world of love.

Brief tears may bring a fleeting mist
That now the vision mars,
But sorrow flies;
For mother's eyes
Are ever baby's stars.

A Busy Chorus.

The teacher of Number Three was always trying to increase the knowledge of her pupils in other ways than those set forth in the text-books, relates the Youth's Companion.

"Now you have seen with the miscroscope the many little creatures in a glass of water," she said one day. What have you learned about them?"

"We've learned what makes the singing in the teakettle when the water begins to boil," spoke up one of the little girls, briskly.

The Hen's Gauge.

The little boy and his sister were allowed this summer to collect the eggs from the hen coops, but they were told they must never take away the nest egg. The little girl, however, did so one morning by mistake, and her brother was overheard telling her that she must take it right back, "because that was what the old hen measured by.'

EASY?

Taking candy from a baby,
So say I,
Is a simple process, maybe,
Ever try?

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Dept. F, Attleboro, Mass.

FREE

GOLD WATCH and Twin Diamond Ring, stem-wind, American movement, handsome case. Looks like and runs like a $25 Watch. We keep it in repair FREE for FIVE YEARS. Ring is set with two fiery brilliants. We send both watch and ring for selling 18 Lucky Star Pins at 10 cents each.
Girl's Doll Co., Dept. L, Attleboro, Mass.

TEDDY BEAR FREE!

Seven inches tall, movable arms, legs and hands (and is made of bear cloth). Send for 12 Lucky Star Pins, to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return the $1.20 received from your sales and we will send you this cute Teddy Bear.
GIRLS' DOLL CO., Dept. C, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

WHITE ANGORA SET MUFF AND BOA FREE

Muff has long silk ribbons to go round the neck and is trimmed with Angora fur like all the high-priced sets. The Boa is FUR LINED and is warm and comfortable. It is trimmed with FUR TAILS to match the muff. Fastens with a handsome silver-plated chain and catch. This handsome set is suitable for a girl up to twelve years of age. We send the set complete, for selling only 18 Jeweled Lucky Star Pins at 10 cents each. Address
GIRLS' DOLL CO.,
Dept. H, Attleboro, Mass.

FREE MAGIC LANTERN and OUTFIT to Boys and Girls

Large imported German Stereopticon or Magic Lantern with **Double Telescopic Lenses**, large, non-explosive brass lamp and **powerful reflector** that makes pictures show large, clear and distinct. We give 100 handsome colored pictures, together with show bill, tickets, etc., with every Magic Lantern, so that you can earn money giving shows. This is the finest lantern and outfit ever offered as a premium. We send it free, all charges paid, for selling only 12 Jeweled Lucky Star Pins at 10 cents each. Address
GIRLS' DOLL CO.,
Dept. M,
Attleboro, Mass.

FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

An American Movement Watch with Gold Plated Case, warranted to keep correct time, similar in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch warranted for 25 years; also a Gold Filled Ring set with a Sparkling Gem, both given free for selling only 24 Jewelry Novelties, at 10c. each. Send your name and address for Jewelry. When sold send us the $2.40 and we send you the watch and ring. FRIEND SUPPLY CO., Dept. 452 Boston, Mass.

FOOTBALL FREE!

Boys, send to us for 24 packages of Bluine which you can easily sell at ten cents each. Return us the $2.40 received, and we will at once send free, postpaid, a Regulation-size Rugby Football, consisting of a tested bladder made of the best rubber and a strongly sewed leather cover. It is warranted to stand rough work. Send your address. We trust you with the Bluine. Satisfaction guaranteed. We also give other athletic goods.
BLUINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
269 Mill Street, Concord Junction, Mass.

TEDDY BEAR FREE

This is a large-sized, life like, genuine imported, fuzzy Teddy Bear —ONE OF THE REAL TEDDY BEARS that people have fairly gone crazy over. Shining black eyes, a comical, movable head, and movable arms and legs. You can put Teddy Bear into all sorts of laughable positions. This Teddy Bear stands nearly one-half yard high, and is really a talking bear besides, for when you squeeze him Teddy gives a squeak that makes him funnier than ever. You can get him easily, for we give him for selling only 24 packages of Bluine at 10 cents a package. When sold return our $2.40 and we will send you this full-sized Teddy Bear just as promised. Write today!
Address BLUINE MFG. CO.,
270 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

Fur Scarf FREE

We are giving away free this handsome fur scarf, nearly 1 1-2 yards long of dark heavy Baltic Seal. It is warm and dressy and is made in the stylish fashion with six heavy tabs and a pretty chain fastening. The fur is rich and elegant and will wear for years. We give this beautiful scarf for selling 24 packages of Quaker Bluing at 10 cents each. Housewives buy this fine Bluing quickly. Send your name and address for the Bluing now so you will have the scarf when cool weather comes. Sell the Bluing return our $2.40 and we will send the Scarf and an extra present FREE of a Gold Filled Ring set with a sparkling stone.
Address Friend Soap Co.,
Dept. 453 Boston, Mass.

Boy's Hunting Rifle FREE!

This is a genuine HAMILTON TAKE-DOWN HUNTING RIFLE. Shoots long and short 22-calibre cartridges; will kill at 100 yards. It has black walnut stock, steel barrel with rifled brass inner tube, steel frame, peep sights, lever action, automatic shell extractor. Very latest model and perfect in every way. We give it free for selling only 30 packages of BLUINE at 10 cents a package. Send us your name and address. We trust you. Return our $3.00 after the sale of our BLUINE and we will send the rifle at once. Address
BLUINE MANUFACTURING CO., 271 MILL STREET, CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

The other day I bumped my head
Jus' awful hard, I did,
An' 'course I cried out pretty loud,
But so would any kid.

An' mamma said if I would stop
She'd go down town an' see
If she could get a pretty cart,
All painted red, for me.

When little boys don't cry enough,
I see now what they miss,
If I'd cried more, I think she'd brung
A bigger cart than this!

A Little Touch of Nature.

A boy aged 12, and a woman aged three times 12, sat side by side in a Broadway car, says the New York Press. They were strangers. The boy's little blue jacket was pulled out at the seams, the woman wore last summer's hat. Both were very tired. They sat sideways, and occasionally they nodded drowsily. Once, during a spasmodic cranial movement, their faces almost touched. Then they braced back and looked at each other. The woman smiled.

"Are you tired?" she asked.

"Awful," said the boy. Then he smiled, too. "Are you?" he asked.

"Awful," said the woman.

Then they smiled some more, and somehow neither felt quite so tired after that.

A Secret.

A kindergarten teacher asked a class of boys:

"Have you a warm coat?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Can you take off your warm coats?"

"Yes."

"Has a bear a warm coat?"

"Yes."

"Can a bear take off his warm coat?"

"No."

"Why cannot the bear take off his warm coat?"

This puzzled the youngsters a moment, and then one cub on the back row yelled:

"'Cause God only knows where the buttons are!"

Anxious to Accommodate.

Five-year-old Marion had been having her morning frolic with the squirrels in the park, relates the Philadelphia Ledger, and her store of peanuts and popcorn was quite exhausted when a little gray beggar in search of breakfast thrust his small nose almost into her hand, and then ran off a little way and sat up, looking at her wistfully. The baby looked at her empty hands and then said pitifully, "Oh, mother, can't you give him 5 cents to buy himself some peanuts?"

Out of Her Class.

A member of the school board of a certain Pennsylvania town relates the case of a young woman who failed to pass her examination for appointment as teacher in the public school of that place.

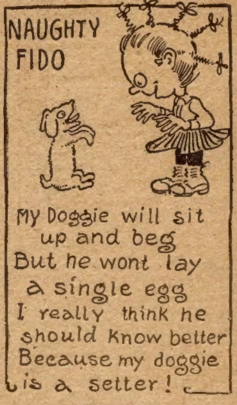
The mother of the disappointed young woman, according to Harper's Weekly, was asked by a friend whether the daughter had succeeded in running the gauntlet of the examiners.

"No," was the reply in mournful tone. "Jinny didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe, sir, but them examiners asked the poor girl about things that happened years and years before she was born."

NOT DANGEROUS.

One day a roaring lion climbed
Up in my mamma's chair,
But she jus' laughed an' acted like
As if she didn't care.

If it had been a truly one,
Why, she'd been scared, you see;
But when she saw my clothes she said
She knew 'twas only me!


NAUGHTY FIDO
My Doggie will sit up and beg
But he wont lay a single egg
I really think he should know better
Because my doggie is a setter!

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

A Tree Toad sat on the branch of a tree,
And loudly he trilled for rain;
While his cousin, the Frog, in the pond
below,
Just begged him to stop, but in vain.

"It's quite wet enough," he said with a
croak,
As he jumped on a lily-pad nigh,
"Suppose you come down here and call
on me,
If you're feeling so terribly dry!"

A Little Alpine Climber.

Ida Liechte, 10 years old, has just climbed the Jungfrau, which is 13,670 feet high, in the company of three Alpinists and two guides. She is the daughter of the director of the Jungfrau Railway and the youngest of high Alpine climbers of renown.